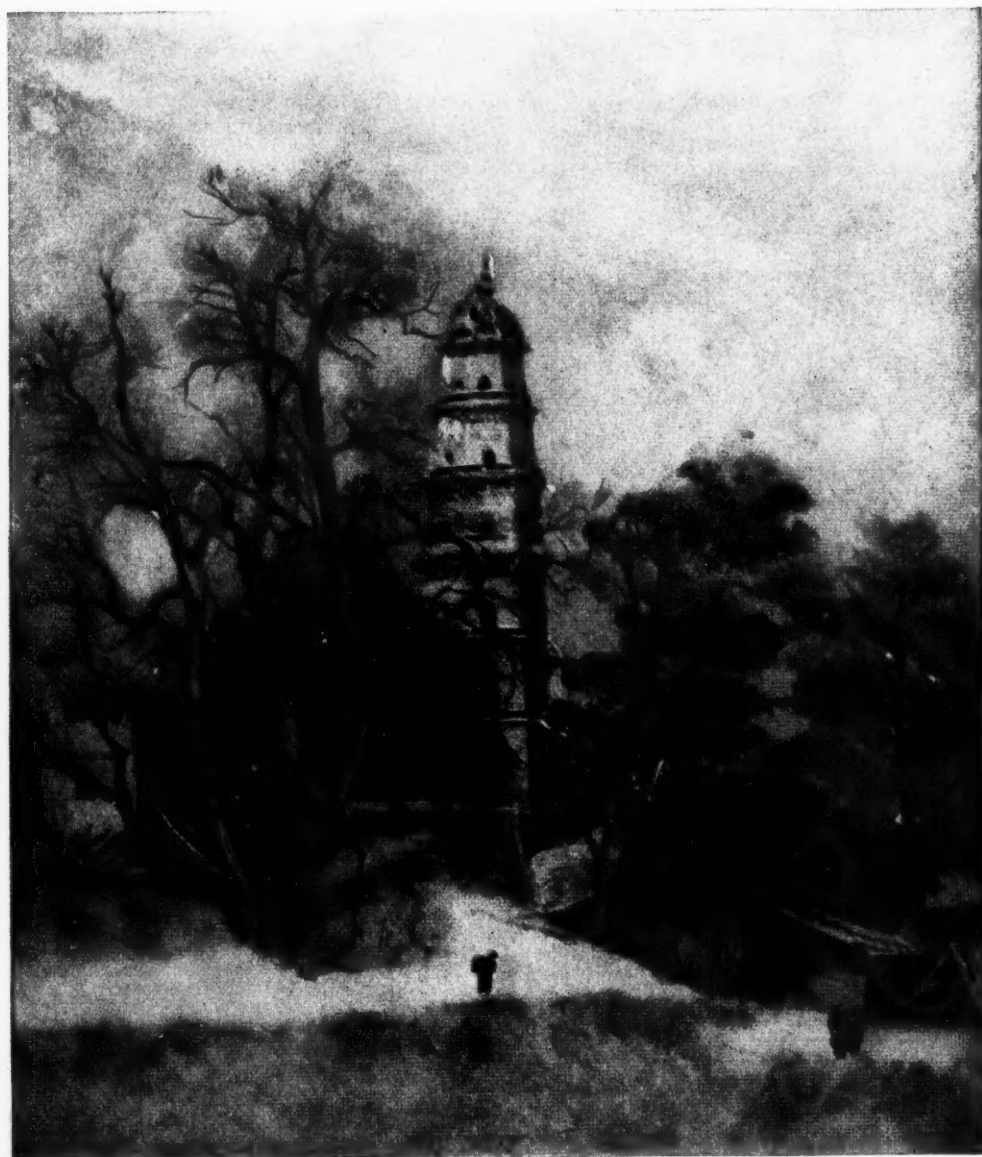


# THE FIELD AFAR

MARYKNOLL



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MARCH

KONGMOON ISSUE

NUMBER - III  
1936

# Universities, Colleges, and Schools

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# The Field Afar—the Magazine of Maryknoll

THIS paper is the organ of the Society at home and abroad. It is issued monthly except in the summer when a special enlarged July-August number is published.

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**MARYKNOLL**

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THE FIELD AFAR is indexed in The Catholic Periodical Index, to be found in public libraries.

## The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America

Most Rev. James Anthony Walsh, M. M., Superior General

Established by action of the United States Hierarchy, assembled at Washington, April 27, 1911.

Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. Final Approval by Pope Pius XI, May 7, 1930.

"Maryknoll", in honor of the Queen of Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

**Object**—to train Catholic missionaries for the heathen, with the ultimate aim to develop a native clergy in lands now pagan.

**Priests, students, and Auxiliary Brothers** compose the Society.

**Auxiliary Brothers** participate as teachers, trained nurses, office assistants, and skilled workmen.

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For *Bishop Ford and Priests*—Catholic Mission, Kaying, via Swatow, China

For *Msgr. Lane and Priests*—Catholic Mission, Fushun, Manchukuo

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**Magdalene, of the Large Hat, Pauses in Her Task of Grass Cutting to Smile at FIELD AFAR Readers. She Is an Orphan of the Maryknoll Loting Mission, South China, Who, if the Wherewithal Can Be Secured, Wants to Enter the Kongmoon Novitiate for a Native Sisterhood.**





# THE FIELD AFAR

MARCH, 1936



## Liaison Officers of The Mission Army



IN recent months it has become quite a normal part of the day's work at Maryknoll to reply to the unending stream of inquiries regarding the health of Maryknoll's Father General.

As 1935 ended, the answer revealed serious preoccupation since his condition at the time was grave. We are happy to say that at this writing he is much improved, and we are hoping to have still better news as time goes on.

### Eight for One—

THERE is a little group of eight students, some now in the ranks of the Maryknoll College at Clarks Summit, Pa., some at Maryknoll-in-Cincinnati, all of whom trace their vocations under God to a business-like young priest who spends his days representing Maryknoll in several States of the Middle West. Two of them received the call through a sermon of the priest from the pulpit of their parish church. The remaining six caught the first whisperings of the Spirit. Who "*breatheth where He will*", from brief visits of the priest to their school classrooms.

There was nothing novel in what the Maryknoller had to say; he was not ashamed to steal his thoughts from St. Paul who long ago had the same theme to talk about. He spoke of the unnumbered millions who were without Christ. "*How then*", he asked, "*shall they call on Him in Whom they have not believed? Or how shall they believe Him, of Whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear, without a preacher?*"

To the young men this sounded like good logic. How, indeed? Being in those peerless years of decision when boys and girls with magnificent abandon unhesitatingly fix for themselves a life career, they quietly resolved that they would be preachers of the Word, leave all, and go over the seas for Christ.



WHEN, ON THE FEAST OF THE EPIPHANY, MARYKNOLL'S BISHOP FRANCIS XAVIER FORD, VICAR APOSTOLIC OF KAYING IN SOUTH CHINA, PRESIDED AT A CLOTHING AND PROFESSION CEREMONY IN OUR SISTERS' MOTHERHOUSE, FATHER FOTO HAS CAUGHT HERE THE MOMENT IN THE CEREMONY WHEN THOSE ABOUT TO RECEIVE THE HABIT ARE ASKED TO CHOOSE BETWEEN A CROWN OF ROSES AND A CROWN OF THORNS

Thus this one priest who remains at home will be represented by eight priests in the Orient

**G**IVE to some work for souls  
overseas your prayers, your  
love, and your sacrifices.

### A "Sponsor" Priest—

IN South China, Manchukuo, Japan and Korea, there are over twenty of Maryknoll's 165 missionaries who owe their daily support to another young priest who for some years now has harped on the idea of sponsoring Maryknollers in the field, at \$1 a day. In the course of his sermons in church pulpits, at sodality meetings, and in personal contacts with Catholic priests and lay people, he talks tirelessly of his companions across the ocean and he has proposed to hundreds the plan of maintaining them in their labors for 30 days, 20 days, 10 days, 5 days, even one day a month, at price of a dollar bill daily.

Probably this priest will never labor in the East, but his twenty fellow Knollers gladly count him as co-laborer with them.

### A New Ideal—

THERE is, then, an elderly pastor near Boston, Mass., who years ago sat one quiet evening in conversation with a Maryknoller now no longer a youngster. The priest from the Knoll spoke of the hopes and aspirations of the newly-founded Society on the Hudson and of the almost visible workings of grace as from throughout America young people wrote expressing their desire to dedicate themselves to the apostolate.

That night the pastor found himself more thoughtful than usual when he retired to his room, and indeed with reason. From the evening's conversation he had become the possessor of something rare and precious, a new ideal which was to be a guide-stone to him for the remainder of his life. He had become convinced of the beauty of being an instrument in encouraging young men and young

MAY THE PEACE OF THE LORD BE ALWAYS WITH YOU.



BENEDICTION OF THE MOST BLESSED SACRAMENT DURING THE CLOTHING AND PROFESSION CEREMONY. THE BEAUTIFUL ALTAR IN THE MARYKNOLI SISTERS' MOTHERHOUSE WAS A GIFT OF THE LATE BISHOP DUNN OF NEW YORK, ONE OF OUR SISTERS' GREATEST BENEFACTORS

women to the mission vocation. In the almost twenty years that have since passed, he has played a part in directing to the missionary priesthood and sisterhood over half a dozen sons and daughters of his parish.

And in that pastor's achievement, should not the priest who sat with him that evening be awarded a share?

#### Liaison Officers in the Mission Army—

**B**UT how relatively drab and colorless, you will say, how almost repellantly unattractive in comparison with the glorious task

**WITHOUT** Stringless Gifts  
how could Maryknoll pay  
the butcher, the baker, or any  
current expenses?

of preaching the Gospel, must be this assignment to labor in the homeland, merely gathering assistance for those in the field or prompting others to go. All honor therefore to the little group of Maryknoll priests who must live this humdrum existence.

The fact is that they should not regard their life as humdrum. They make Christ known by proxy; they are liaison officers in the regimenting of the mission army.

True, they remain behind and leave to their companions the rare privilege in which St. Paul gloried, *"To me . . . is given this grace, to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."* But they preach through others, for without them others could not preach.

#### An Apostolic Bishop—

**S**EVERAL friends of Maryknoll have taken their place in the American Hierarchy recently. One of them made it his last act before proceeding to his new see to visit the sick bed of Maryknoll's Father General, in order to assure him that the world apostolate for which Maryknoll stands would be one of the ideals of his episcopal career. This was Bishop Gerald O'Hara, the new ruler of the Church in Georgia.

We feel certain that God will be generous in blessing one who so generously promises to remember the problems of less fortunate brethren as he faces his own.

#### Maryknoll Doorkeepers—

**F**OR two years in succession now our Maryknoll doorkeeper has passed away with the passing of the year.

On the last day of 1934 our charming Maryknoll greeter, Thomas Lavin, of Scranton, Pa., was called to receive the reward of his many kindnesses to all our visitors. A few days after the dawn of 1936, on January tenth, Charles Mylott, of Pottstown, Pa., finished his course.

The seminarians at Maryknoll miss Mr. Mylott. They had in him

WE ADORE THEE, O CHRIST, AND WE BLESS THEE,

a kind friend at the front door, always ready to do a good turn for them despite the bluster under which he tried to hide his big heart. The greater part of his career he spent as an actor, playing for a time with John Drew. This naturally brought him the post of theatrical director here at the Knoll, an office which has gone begging since his remains were lowered into our little God's Acre.

We ask Maryknoll's friends to remember him to the Lord.

#### Epiphany Ceremonies—

ON January sixth, the Feast of the Epiphany, Maryknoll's newest Bishop, the Most Reverend Francis X. Ford, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Vicar Apostolic of Kaying, South China, pontificated at the Sisters' Motherhouse. During the Pontifical Mass a group of the Sisters made their final vows.

On the afternoon of the same day Bishop Ford presided and spoke at a Clothing and Profession Ceremony at the Maryknoll Motherhouse Convent. The Sisters who made their first vows are:

Sr. Maria Mediatrix Botelho, Honolulu, Hawaii; Sr. Maria Agnese Dillon, Seattle, Wash.; Sr. M. Paulita Hoffman, Cincinnati, Ohio; Sr. Maria del Ray Danforth, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Sr. M. Sheila Spatz, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sr. Gabriel Marie Devlin, Ozone Park, N. Y.; Sr. M. Helena Murphy, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sr. Marie Ivan Arendas, Wall, Pa.; Sr. Rose Bernadette Woods, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sr. Henrietta Marie Cunningham, Framingham, Mass.; Sr. M. Cephas Remlinger, Milan, Ohio; and Sr. M. Clare de Sales, Chula Vista, Calif.

The Novices who received the habit of the *Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic* (Maryknoll Sisters) are:

Cecilia Boudreau (Sr. Miriam Regis), Wellesley, Mass.; Catherine Sullivan (Sr. Rose Catherine), Somerville, Mass.; Mary McCormick, (Sr. Rose Matthew), Caledonia, Minn.; Emily McIver (Sr. Andrew Marie), Tupper



THE ABOVE VIEW OF THE HOME KNOLL SEMINARY GIVES OUR FRIENDS AN IDEA OF THE EFFECT OF THE RECENTLY COMPLETED ADMINISTRATION WING (LEFT FOREGROUND)

Lake, N. Y.; Marcella Archer (Sr. Maria Jose), San Francisco, Calif.; Antonetta Wilgenbusch (Sr. M. Antonetta), New Alsace, Ind.; Helen Cunnene (Sr. M. Arthur), Natick, Mass.; Charlot Mundy (Sr. Marie Leonie), Brooklyn, N. Y.; Regina Johnson (Sr. Thomas Marie), Brooklyn, N. Y.; Alice O'Rourke (Sr. M. Alice), White Plains, N. Y.; Helen King (Sr. Robert Marie), Saginaw, Mich.; Veronica Coupe (Sr. Ann Miriam), Lonsdale, R. I.; Sarah Fogarty (Sr. M. Gregoria), Chicago, Ill.; Marguerite

King (Sr. M. Roberta), Lynn, Mass.; Anastasia Kilbourne (Sr. Anastasia Marie), Los Angeles, Calif.; Antonia Jaramillo (Sr. Maria Corazon), Manila, P. I.; Margaret Wargo (Sr. Margaret Virginia), Astoria, L. I., N. Y.; Marie Collins (Sr. M. Cornelia), Everett, Mass.; and Rose Sharon (Sr. Rose Jude), Wilson, Mich.

**ST. GREGORY** says that the Most High God regards zeal for souls with more favor than any oblation we can offer Him.



AT THIS STAGE OF THE CLOTHING CEREMONY THE NOVICES-TO-BE HAVE RECEIVED THEIR MANTLES AND WHITE VEILS, VISIBLE IN FRONT OF THOSE FACING THE CAMERA

BECAUSE BY THY HOLY CROSS THOU HAST REDEEMED THE WORLD.

## A "Saga" of The Chikkai Christianity

By Father Joseph P. McGinn, of Philadelphia, Pa., a missionary of the Kongmoon Vicariate, South China



XAVIER, the great Apostle of the Orient, has looked down from heaven upon many a pilgrimage to Sancian, the sea-girt little isle off the coast of South China where he breathed his last on December 3, 1552.

There is every reason to suppose, however, that he must have smiled down with special love upon a group of naïvely devout pilgrims shepherded to Sancian by their pastor, Maryknoll's Father Joseph McGinn. This "saga" of the Chikkai Christianity, a group of Hakka Catholics isolated among the other Cantonese-speaking Chinese of the Kongmoon Vicariate, is related as follows by Father McGinn.

### Rounding Up the Pilgrims—

"For this pilgrimage we expect a delegation from Chikkai," read the message received just as I was setting out on a mission trip. About two weeks to prepare, I mused. Can it be done? Can the word be broadcast through these Hakka hills and our farmer folk, now busy in the fields, be galvanized into action? Will they be willing to forsake the plow and harrow, as well as to forego the long preparatory discussion so dear to the Chinese temperament? We opined "yes" and immediately shot the opening gun of the campaign by carrying the tidings in person to Tin Tow, nine miles over the mountains.

There followed days of debate as to who would be able to make the pilgrimage.

"Mr. Chung, you're going to Sancian, eh?"

"Perhaps, Father."

"How about you, Mrs. Wong?"

"Who knows, reverend Father. Very hard to say."

Finally, I set a time limit for signifying their intentions.

### A Strange Increase—

Twenty-eight names were listed for the journey. The day appointed for hitting the trail was nigh upon us when suddenly in a breeze off the blue the O Moon junk hove to with outspread sails. After we had talked it over with the Captain he obligingly agreed to pull



"AT SANCIAN ISLAND THE CHIKKAI PILGRIMS WERE MORE AT HOME. THEY CLIMBED THE HILL TO THE POINT WHERE THE STATUE OF XAVIER LOOKS OVER THE SEA TOWARDS THEIR NATIVE HEATH"

up anchor for the Portuguese colony on the morrow. Messengers were despatched to the out-missions, and little groups came over the hills and across the rice paddies until the compound teemed with eager Christians. The house and chapel were carefully barred, last instructions were given to the care-

taker and the Spiritual Father called out the Chinese for, "Let's go." In bright but disorderly array the little army passed through the town, a brave show and gaining much face.

When we had reached the large sampan in which we were to be poled to the junk, I counted noses and found that the twenty-eight had grown to thirty-one. Now even in South China, where a bamboo under favorable circumstances will grow a foot in twenty-four hours, twenty-eight humans cannot increase to thirty-one during a forty-five minute walk in the sun. How come? Ah! "You here this time, Jimmy Lim? I do not find your name on this list." Crestfallen, Jimmy makes no reply. "John, when did you come? You did not hand in your name for the pilgrimage." But John has ducked out of sight.

The pastor looks grim and an ominous silence has descended. "What are one or two more and they all good people?" Thus, he thought, but, for discipline's sake, spoke quite the opposite. "The three of you must return home at once." There was a stir among the squatters, but just then the boatmen raised the cry to push off and the Spiritual Father, as he clambered aboard, uttered a brief: "Not necessary—Can go."

### Macao Harbor—

Past the mud flats towards the waiting junk we were poled, in the face of a rain squall. Rain clouds were gathering and before long we were in the midst of a severe electrical storm. The torrential rain drove everyone down below into the common cabins, but the intense heat there made many willing to endure the storm topside. Truly, it was a "wild" night, with the forces of nature loosed in their abysmal fury.

Came the dawn, as the movies say, and with it a gentle sea and a brisk wind. Its bronze sails of matting bellying in the breeze, the junk fairly tore through the sparkling waters. One of the half-dozen lads in the company spotted a dark smudge on the horizon,

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and soon these simple country people were intently gazing at the first steamboat ever to swim within their ken. Ere long we were at anchor in Macao Harbor. Eyes grew big at the sight of such activity and such large stone houses; steamboats and battleships, docks and moving automobiles excited comments of wonder and admiration.

#### All Manner of Wonders—

Next morning we left Macao for Hong Kong, and I shooped my timid charges aboard ship for their first ride on a steamer. A few hours afterward the Rock came into view and with it all manner of wonders—ocean liners, tramcars, huge marts of trade and airplanes. Little Andy Yeung almost climbed over the ship's side in his absorption in the manoeuvres of a droning mechanical bird.

Finally, the bustling Bund of Hong Kong. Then came the hardest job on the whole program, getting the pilgrims over to Kowloon without mishap. Old Peter Hoh, plodding along the widest and smoothest road he had ever known, almost lost life and limb by a passing truck, while Mary Liu darted from the middle of the car track just in time to escape the trolley wheels. But the ferry house was reached at last and soon we arrived at Kowloon.

The following day and a half require no description. We leave it to yourself to picture the experiences of these Chikkai pilgrims. Among other adventures, they rode around the harbor in a motor launch. The boys even contrived to get to the Peak, but their greatest single interest lay in watching the spans of horses driven by Indian muleteers. The chartered steamer left for Sancian at nine o'clock at night and once again we piloted our party across to Hong Kong and down the Bund. When all were safely and comfortably ensconced on board we breathed a sigh of relief. There are easier tasks than guiding country Chinese about Hong Kong after nightfall.

#### The Proudest Boast—

At Sancian Island they were more at home. They were real pilgrims, these Chikkai Christians, and they climbed the hill to the point where the statue of Xavier looks over the sea towards their



RUDE STATIONS OF THE CROSS HAVE BEEN ERECTED ON THE STEEP ASCENT FROM SANCIAN'S MEMORIAL SHRINE TO XAVIER'S STATUE. THIS GROUP OF CHINESE, STANDING AT THE FOURTEENTH STATION AT THE FOOT OF THE STATUE, HAVE JUST COMPLETED SANCIAN'S ARDUOUS WAY OF THE CROSS

native hills, knelt in prayer at the Shrine, gathered their relics, and poured out their prayers. When all was over, we held another tally, and found that everybody was accounted for.

All arrived safely at their native heath and now, along o' night, the pilgrims tell wondrous tales to their open-eyed children and less traveled acquaintances. "When I was at Sancian," is today in these parts the proudest and most widely envied boast.

#### WORD FROM "HOME"

FOR me THE FIELD AFAR is word from "Home". Your work is so dear to my heart that I would wish to do a great deal more to forward it.  
—Schenectady, N. Y.

I think my subscription has run out, and I certainly do not want to miss any issues of the magazine. Its coming is like the visit of a friend.—Hastings, Minn.



THE MEMORIAL SHRINE AT SANCIAN, RENOVATED BY THE ISLAND'S PRESENT PASTOR, MARYKNOLL'S FATHER ROBERT CAIRNS, OF WORCESTER, MASS., MARKS THE SPOT WHERE SAINT FRANCIS XAVIER WAS FIRST BURIED

IN ALL OUR WOODS THERE'S NONE LIKE THEE.

## Memories of the "Family Party"

The Most Reverend James E. Walsh, of Cumberland, Md., Vicar Apostolic of the Maryknoll Kongmoon Mission in South China and the author of this article, writes: "This is not a story, but a plain recital of an actual happening"



ON A VISITATION OF HIS CHINESE FLOCK, MUCH OF WHICH MUST BE NEGOTIATED VIA "SHANKS' MARE", BISHOP WALSH PAUSES FOR A BRIEF REST IN A WAYSIDE TEA HOUSE, ALSO AN OPPORTUNITY TO SOW IN PAGAN HEARTS THE SEED OF THE WORD OF GOD

**T**HE Ming Dynasty collapsed three hundred years ago. To rootless Americans like ourselves, that seemed like ancient history indeed. But to our young mandarin friend it was as yesterday. He has a particular reason for remembering the Ming Dynasty, inasmuch as his ancestor was Prime Minister to one of its Emperors. We told him that we ourselves were actually ministers to the King of Kings, but, as he looks at the things that are seen instead of the things that are unseen, he saw only our black cassocks and plebian faces, so he only smiled and agreed politely as is his wont, and put us down as funny foreigners who cherished a little fanciful

pride of our own.

But in spite of our divergent philosophies we are, and we remain notwithstanding, the very best of friends. And so it was that on a bleak day in January red cards with gold borders sought us out to advise that a pavilion was being erected in honor of the famous ancestor, and that the laying of its cornerstone would be woefully lacking in solemnity unless we should condescend to add to it the brilliance of our presence. The cards were issued in the name of the young mandarin's father, as he was the head of the family, the giver of the party, and indeed the payer of the freight.

### Tropical Winter—

The day of the party found our teeth

The Field Afar for 6 years, \$5.

chattering under multiple *shaams* (Chinese gowns) covered by unavailing overcoats, for cold weather in the tropics, if rare, is yet very mean when it comes. The car that came at nine o'clock to take us to the Wong family's town house, where the honorable guests were being assembled, inaugurated a twelve-hour period of shivering that ended only with the expedition itself. We found the ornate four-story semi-hotel bursting with people, most of whom we already knew as cronies and retainers of the mandarin. Some new faces belonged to distinguished visitors from Canton, one unforgettable one being that of an enormously fat ex-general, who had merely exchanged one battlefield for another by retiring from the army to take unto himself seven wives.

All had eaten morning rice, and this stop was just the take-off, for the site of the new pavilion was at a country place called Chik Shik, where a Buddhist monastery marks the center of the clan's ancestral domain, and incidentally its favorite burying ground. A long line of cars was waiting to bundle us out to this scene. The few women, flanked with many children of all sizes, were first safely stowed away, and thereupon the courtly old Dr. Wong, the mandarin's father, was for seating me in the car of honor next to himself. When I was embarrassed by this mark of distinction, there came the explanation that this was the only conceivable place for the mandarin's teacher, which recalled the circumstance that I once acted in the capacity of instructor in English to that ambitious young man.

When we reached the end of the motor road we all got out and walked for about half an hour before reaching the monastery, except, of course, the women, who were provided with sedan chairs. The soldiers now suddenly developed into combined coolies and nursemaids, all goods, chattels, and appendages being loaded on their willing shoulders, including wraps, thermos bottles and babies.

### A Layman's Idea of Buddhism—

The monastery whither we were bound again proved the unerring Chinese instinct for an artistic site. A very high hill sweeps up from the ricefields, to be cleft by a deep ravine that ascends

SWEET ARE THE NAILS AND SWEET THE WOOD

likewise from the very bottom to the mountain top. The ravine is full of stately pine trees, enormous rocks, and sounding waterfalls, and just half-way up the ascent where it bellies out its widest, there is placed the monastery, consisting of a dozen or more various temples, shrines, pavilions, and out-buildings.

The new Wong family pavilion was being erected a stone's throw away, and turned out to be merely a little summer house that would honor ancestors and accommodate wayfarers at the same time. Three Buddhist monks inhabited the place. The mandarin explained to us at least the layman's idea of Buddhism. "Our family built this monastery centuries ago," he said, "and we still maintain it in a way. We have settled ricefields on it that provide a certain revenue and some additional alms are derived from visitors. We come here from time to time when we need a rest. You live in the open, eat coarse fare, read and sleep all you want, look at the trees and rocks, sit and think; in a word, lead the simple life."

"That must be rather like a camping trip. Where does the religious part come in?"

"Oh, the main idea is meditation, of course. We meditate on the falseness of the world and its pleasure. It gives us a new viewpoint."

"And do you make some good resolutions after your meditation?"

The mandarin smiled. "No, to tell the truth, we go right back and do the same thing over again. You see, for good resolutions and that sort of thing, there is plenty of time. My father, for instance, just entered 'the way' this year. He is sixty years old. From now on he eats only vegetables, fasts completely twice each month, and performs other good acts to gain merit. People wait until old age for that. We Chinese people are that way," he said. No philosopher need try to go deeper than that.

#### A Perfect Site—

The morning passed in climbing mountains, admiring waterfalls, inspecting temples, deciphering inscriptions, asking questions, and puzzling over answers; and finally we sat down to our

*al fresco* tiffin, which proved indeed most enjoyable, as both appetites and wits had been sharpened by the cold morning ramble. But although we had some ready talkers among our number, they now met their superior in the fat man of seven wives, whose superb loquacity, doubtless due to his excellent home training, easily put everybody in the shade. As his lengthy disquisitions on all sorts of subjects continued, listeners full of tiffin gradually fell asleep or faded away.

Soon we were invited to make another sortie out on the hillside. Wondering why, we trudged dutifully along in the bitter wind, and eventually we found out. We reached a commanding cleft in the hill where a tiny excavation had been made for no ostensible reason. The senior Mr. Wong looked at it in great satisfaction. He studied it from every angle. He climbed the hill to look down on it. He made a wide detour to the plateau below to see how it appeared from that aspect. Finally he nodded his head, apparently giving his full approval. Thereupon everybody vociferously agreed that the site was perfect. "Perfect for what?" "Why, for the grave, Dr. Wong's grave." So the senior Wong did not expect to live forever, and he desired to insure a good

coign of vantage for his mortal coil, where he might at the same time repose among honorable ancestors and look down on prosperous descendants.

#### A Thoroughly Oriental Day—

When we finally returned to Kongmoon at five o'clock we had had time to get hungry again, and we rather welcomed the idea of the banquet in the town house that was to close the party. This proved to be the hardest part of the day. The banquet was not ready, so we waited for three cold and famishing hours until it was. Our fellow guests took it as a matter of course.

But the banquet finally came and went, and fortified by rose wine and shark's fins we eventually reached home at ten o'clock, quite exhausted indeed by our strenuous outing on the wind-swept hills, yet charmed above measure with our precious experience of a thoroughly Oriental day. The engaging simplicity of it all, by which everybody cheerfully put up with cold, fatigue, hunger, boredom, and a dozen other bugbears, in order to wring from the day some fleeting moments of simple pleasure, made of it for us a fascinating little idyll, that we carefully consign to grateful memories as *the family party*.



"A BUDDHIST MONASTERY INHABITED BY THREE MONKS MARKS THE CENTER OF THE WONG CLAN'S ANCESTRAL DOMAIN, AND INCIDENTAL-  
LY ITS FAVORITE BURYING GROUND"

THAT BEAR A WEIGHT SO SWEET, SO GOOD.

## Hoh T'ong's Lepers

*By Father Francis J. Connors, of Peabody, Mass., one of Maryknoll's pioneers in Leper Work*



TO THESE LEPER OUTCASTS OF SOUTH CHINA MARYKNOLLERS HAVE BROUGHT COMFORT IN THIS LIFE AND HOPE FOR THE NEXT. IN THE BACKGROUND TO THE LEFT STANDS FATHER JOSEPH SWEENEY, OF NEW BRITAIN, CONN. DR. HARRY BLABER, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y., IS IN THE CENTER AND BEHIND HIM, ON THE RIGHT, IS A MARYKNOLL BROTHER

**F**OLLOW after charity (1 Cor. 14:1). Maryknoll missionaries of the Kongmoon Vicariate have for years tried repeatedly, but without success, to get a foothold in the large village of Hoh T'ong. Then came the opportunity of harboring Hoh

T'ong's lepers. The act of charity found its way to those pagan hearts, so long closed to teaching and preaching, and the village gates opened wide to receive the ambassadors of Christ.

Father Francis Connors, who relates in the following lines the story of how the light of Faith

was brought to Hoh T'ong, is confident that it will be a tale many times repeated in the annals of Maryknoll Leper Work in South China.

### Hoh T'ong's "Nuisance"—

Our leper work still keeps us busy from early morn till late at night, seven days a week, but we are kept happy in trying to make others happy. Our patients number some three hundred. They are still living in matsheds, which by the way are mighty airy and cold just now, but they are cheerful in spite of their misery and poverty. We are kept on our toes trying to get enough money to provide for them.

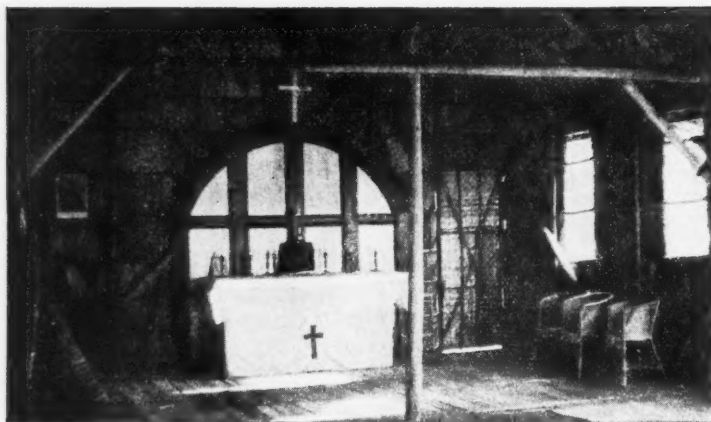
Across the river from the Mission at Pakkai is the village of Hoh T'ong, containing 20,000 people. For years and years Bishop Walsh has been trying to get into this village, but he never got the opening. Recently we heard that they had sixty lepers, whom they had decided to drown. They claimed the lepers were a nuisance, because they sat by the wayside begging, and they were afraid the north wind would blow the leprosy germs into their homes, and before long the whole village would be leprous. Hence they determined to drown the lepers and all fear of the spread of leprosy would disappear.

### Charity Opens Hoh T'ong's Gates—

We went to the village, saw the lepers, met the village elders, and after some talk agreed to take over their lepers, a few at a time. Of course the lepers were delighted, and the people more than satisfied. Already eight have arrived, and we are now building a couple more matsheds to receive others.

This act of charity has been the means of bringing the light of Faith to Hoh T'ong. Every week Father Simon Lei (the first native priest to be ordained for the Kongmoon Mission) visits the people of this village and gives them a talk. The Bishop's head catechist also goes there, as well as some of the Fathers from the Pakkai Mission, and all are warmly received. Already the people are interested in the Catholic Church, and many have asked to enter it.

It is my belief that the lepers will be the means of making the Catholic



IN THIS SIMPLE BAMBOO CHAPEL, BUILT BY THE MARYKNOLLERS AT THE ENTRANCE OF THEIR SUNWUI LEPER COLONY, GRATEFUL PATIENTS REMEMBER DAILY IN PRAYER BENEFACTORS IN THE UNITED STATES

JESUS SAID: AND I, IF I BE LIFTED UP



Church better known and appreciated, and in the midst of their misery and suffering will save not only their own souls, but also the souls of many of their countrymen.

## The Beauty of the Catholic Mission at River Gate

By Father Robert J. Cairns, M.M.,  
of Worcester, Mass., pastor of  
Sancian Island, South China



THE beauty of the Kongmoon Mission Compound is something that deserves to be written up. If only my lead pencil were more fluent, I would be able to do justice to a description of the marvelous change that has come over the place during the ten-plus years that Bishop Walsh has owned it.

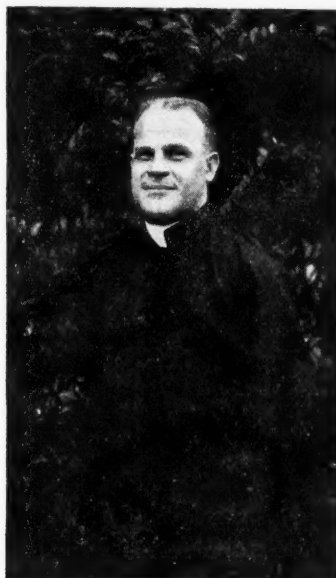
That many years ago, our Bishop, then Father James Edward Walsh, the Superior of the Mission, was Pastor of Sun Chong, five hours by train and boat to Kongmoon (*River Gate*). At the latter place a good piece of land comprising upwards of fifty acres of a hill site overlooking the Kongmoon River had been bought and paid for; but the title could not be registered, and another place had to be sought for a Center.

At North Street or Pakkai, where the steamboats from Hong Kong dock to discharge and load freight and passengers, a small foreign settlement has grown during the past fifty years, including a Customs Club and residences for the few foreigners from the Customs and several oil companies. There is also a large hospital and many buildings have been erected to house the staff and helpers of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission.

At the end of this group of foreign buildings and adjoining the Standard Oil Co. and the Asiatic Petroleum Co., right at the bend of the Kongmoon River, Father Walsh bought what looked like a very undesirable piece of ground,

dismal, swampy, mosquito-laden, and covered by several filthy fish-ponds.

During the time of the anti-foreign uprising and boycott, Father Walsh went to Kongmoon and spoke of building. "You can't build in these troublous times", said the wise Customs of-



FATHER ADOLPH PASCHANG, OF MARTINSBURG, MO., IS ONE OF KONGMOON'S PIONEER MISSIONERS, AND HEADS KOCHOW, ONE OF THE VICARIATE'S MOST IMPORTANT STATIONS. HE IS ALSO THE AUTHOR OF "DRAGON TREASURE", A THRILLER FOR BOYS WHICH HAS BEEN TAKEN OVER BY LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO. ROYALTIES FROM THE SALE OF THIS BOOK HAVE AIDED FATHER PASCHANG TO MAINTAIN IN THESE DIFFICULT TIMES HIS FINE, GOVERNMENT-RECOGNIZED SACRED HEART SCHOOL. HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO RECOMMEND "DRAGON TREASURE" IN PREFERENCE TO "DIAMOND DICK"

ficials. "Wait", said Mr. Standard Oil. "Don't attempt it", said Mr. Asiatic. "It can't be done", said they all in chorus.

But Father Walsh was a man of determination and he had made up his mind that the Maryknoll missionaries should have a Center for retreats and a home that they could call their own.

It was almost impossible to get any-

thing done because of the troubled times; yet he and Brother Albert went ahead on a project which "couldn't be done", and they did it. First the house was built. Furniture couldn't be purchased at Hong Kong on account of the boycott; so they brought all they could from Sun Chong, and bought a little here and there from the local foreigners, who spared some for the Maryknollers to start housekeeping. Because of the strength of character, the perseverance under difficulties, and the foresight of Father Walsh and his assistant, Brother Albert, we missionaries today enjoy the happy estate which is now the Kongmoon mission.

The swampy, sandy desolation has been transformed, mostly by Bishop Walsh and Brother Albert, into dry and fruitful acreage.

Besides the Center House, to which additions have been made, other buildings have been erected as the imperative needs demanded:

- (1) A Preparatory Seminary for young boys preparing to enter the Major Seminary at Hong Kong for philosophy and theology.
- (2) The Pro-Cathedral.
- (3) The Novitiate conducted by the Maryknoll Sisters for the aspirants to a native sisterhood.

The buildings are all Chinese style, architecturally beautiful, and the ensemble is good to look upon.

In this year of Our Lord, 1936, the Kongmoon grounds are a glorious sight. Winding walks of cement blocks made by Brother Albert, hedges brought by the writer from Sun Chong, trees purchased at Singapore by Father Ashness and in Hong Kong by Father Paulhus, flowers grafted from Sancian and Loting and Tungchen and every mission that could supply shoots—the whole the result of the gradual growth and care of many years.

Kongmoon mission has become for the Chinese a point of interest as a beauty park, and for the Maryknoll missionaries a spot of which we are all justly proud, for it is our Kongmoon Center, our HOME.

FROM THE EARTH, WILL DRAW ALL THINGS TO MYSELF.

## Gateway to a Million Families

By Father John J. Considine, of New Bedford, Mass.



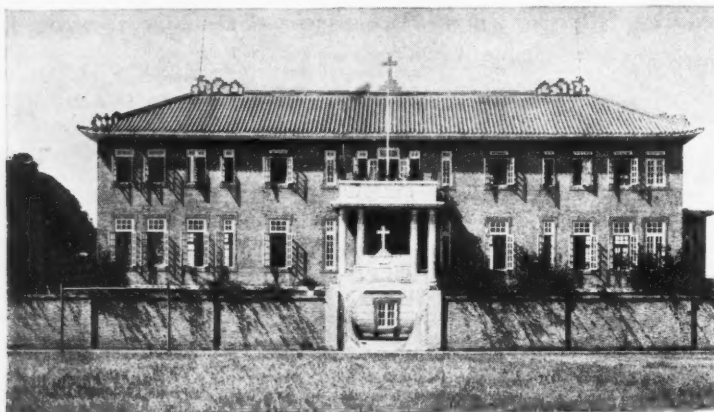
UPPER CLASSMEN OF BISHOP WALSH'S *LITTLE FLOWER PREPARATORY SEMINARY* AT KONGMOON. THESE CHINESE BOYS WILL COMPLETE THEIR TRAINING FOR THE PRIESTHOOD AT THE REGIONAL SEMINARY IN HONG KONG, AND WILL THEN BE ORDAINED FOR THE KONGMOON VICARIATE



ANY homesteads in China have monumental gateways. They remind us of those in the vineyard lands of Europe, enormous structures which sometimes seem to overshadow even the houses themselves. They make us think of the importance of *getting in*, a problem which faces the Kongmoon Mission, if it would reach the million non-Chris-

tian families within its confines.

The Maryknoll pioneers thought of the problem immediately and recognized that they could not solve it themselves. They saw that the secret of success in their sector, as in every other portion of the mission world, lay in the co-operation of native-born Catholics, dedicated to the apostolate as are the missionaries themselves. This meant the raising up of priests and Sisters from among their faithful, able and anxious to play



THE *LITTLE FLOWER PREPARATORY SEMINARY* FOR NATIVE VOCATIONS AT KONGMOON. SOUTH CHINA, WAS DEDICATED BY THE MARYKNOLL SUPERIOR GENERAL DURING HIS 1931 VISITATION OF MARYKNOLL-IN-THE ORIENT

a part in bringing the Kongmoon area into the fold.

### Training Schools of Apostles—

They set themselves to this task almost immediately; the first Maryknoll band entered the field in 1918 and by 1923 the start had been made at Yeung-kong to prepare youngsters for the distant goal of the seminary.

Today the progress for so young a Mission is striking. We make the overnight boat ride from Hong Kong to Kongmoon and pass through one of those great gateways, which leads to the central compound of the Kongmoon Vicariate. Occupying opposite sides of the spacious grounds within are two institutions which are some day due to serve as gateways to many souls. One is the *Little Flower Minor Seminary* for candidates for the priesthood, the other the *Novitate* for the candidates of the *Sisters of the Immaculate Heart*.

### Kongmoon's Future Priests—

Father Ford, now Bishop of the Kaying Vicariate, began the work of training Kongmoon's Chinese levites by receiving into his station at Yeungkong four boys from Kochow in 1923. The following year the number increased to nine. Yeungkong proving inadequate at the time, the little band moved up country to Kochow, where it plodded away at its studies for a few months until, shortly after the Christmas of 1925, it was transferred to Kongmoon.

Kongmoon had a welcome planned for the boys, but they arrived too soon and had to carry on under very primitive conditions until June. By that time tolerably satisfactory quarters were ready for them.

In 1931 the steadily growing group struck unforeseen good fortune by falling heir to booty "stolen" from the newly founded community of Chinese Sisters—this in the way of a new building erected for the Sisters, but which at the last moment was turned over to the seminarians to relieve their fearfully crowded condition. Father General dedicated this building as the *Little Flower Minor Seminary* during his visit to Kongmoon in 1931.

Today the flourishing institution

BEHOLD THE WOOD OF THE CROSS, ON WHICH HUNG THE

counts fifty-four candidates, under the tutelage of Father Anthony Paulhus, of Fall River, Mass., who along with Bishop Walsh has been the principal bearer of the burdens of the day and the heats. The first graduates were ready for the Regional Seminary at Hong Kong in 1933, and the first priests trained by Kongmoon will be ordained in 1939 or 1940.

Happiness pervades *Little Flower Seminary*, and an air of hope. Young men dream dreams, even matter-of-fact young Chinese men, and in their dreams are the visions of their elders, who see spiritual conquests through the instrumentality of Kongmoon sons of the soil raised to the dignity of the priesthood.

#### The Immaculate Heart Novitiate—

It was the missionaries who thought to encourage vocations for Kongmoon's Chinese clergy, but it was the Chinese young women themselves who led the way to the foundation of Kongmoon's Sisterhood.

Before the Maryknollers came, the idea had already gotten abroad among the few Chinese Catholics that the highest and finest calling in life was that of the religious. A number made application to the Chinese Sisterhood at Canton, until, in 1927, Bishop Walsh felt impelled to found his own community.

The first little group of recruits were Heia, Fuk Wa, and Malia, all of Kow-chow, who made the journey to Hong Kong and took up residence in the Maryknoll Convent there, with Sister Imelda of Scranton to guide their first steps. In 1931 this group traveled back to Kongmoon, passed through the mission gate to the home prepared for them, and the *Immaculate Heart Novitiate* became a reality.

In 1932 the first five of the steadily growing band began their postulancy, after which they entered the novitiate, and on February 11, 1936, this pioneer quintet was professed. Thus the *Sisters of the Immaculate Heart* of Kongmoon are in all truth a religious community. Credit for the years of painstaking preparation goes principally to Sister Lawrence, of Fall River, Mass., and Sister Patricia, of Arlington, Mass.

The long years of training, much

more extensive than among communities of the Western World, are necessary because of the absence of previous secular schooling in the young women who present themselves. It is the aim to require that every girl have a "Ko-Tang" rating before profession, the equivalent of second year high school among us.

#### Missionary Statecraft—

Priests will be very useful in reaching Kongmoon's millions, but no less



THE PIONEER NOVICES OF THE CHINESE SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE HEART, WHO WERE PROFESSED AT KONGMOON ON FEBRUARY 11, 1936. THIS CONGREGATION, FOUNDED BY BISHOP JAMES E. WALSH, IS BEING TRAINED BY MARYKNOLL SISTERS, TWO OF WHOM APPEAR IN THIS PICTURE. THEY ARE SISTER M. PATRICIA COUGHLAN, OF ARLINGTON, MASS. (RIGHT), AND SISTER M. GONZAGA RIZZARDI, OF NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

will be the Sisters. "The priests make converts, but the Sisters make Catholics", is a dictum of Bishop Walsh of Kongmoon. The Sisters will penetrate to the very heart of every home that is

**DOES your future still hang in the balance? Decide it this spring. Ask God if He wants you for the foreign mission apostolate.**

contacted, winning the women and girls for Christ and then molding them in the fair image of His Blessed Mother.

Here is missionary statecraft, the far-seeing calculation which seeks to provide God's grace with the human instruments for His spiritual penetration among the nations. Kongmoon's Chinese priests and Chinese Sisters will be the principal gateway to the Vicariate's million non-Christian families.

#### Noted in Passing

FROM Maryknoll's Bishop James E. Walsh, of Cumberland, Md., now Shepherd of the Kongmoon flock in South China, comes the following plea:

"For years I have been gunning for a large size Pontifical to use for Ordinations. We are forced to borrow one from Hong Kong or Macao for each such occasion.

"Is it not a fact that bishops all over America have old and tattered large Pontificals cluttering up their attics? I don't care how old, tattered, torn, or falling to pieces mine is, just so it is large. I can have it rebound here at slight cost.

"A copy of *Collectanea S. Congregationis de Propaganda Fide*, 2 vols., Rome, 1907, which I must consult in making out the quinquennial report for Rome, would also receive an eager welcome."

Few mission fields of the world are as interesting as the Belgian Congo from the viewpoint of the mission forces. Little Catholic Belgium possesses this colony many times her own area, and the Church at home has undertaken to do its missionary duty by supplying over 2,300 priests, Brothers and Sisters for this field. The results have been most gratifying; in a population of 14,000,000, a million and a quarter are Catholic.

Abbé Corman, long a student of mission statistics, has edited a new edition of the "*Annuaire des Missions Catholiques au Congo Belge*", a publication of L'Edition Universelle, S.A., 53 rue Royale, Brussels; price 25 francs.

SAVIOR OF THE WORLD. COME LET US ADORE.

## THE FIELD AFAR

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**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS  
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**



*Ecce Ancilla Domini*

**A**N angel invited Our Blessed Lady to share in the saving of men. We commemorate the event on the twenty-fifth of this month, and call it the Feast of the Annunciation. Many, both religious and lay people, have unwittingly played the part of the angel by being the instrument through whom God has called young men and young women to the missionary vocation. Possibly you may fill the role yourself.

**Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.**

**I**N our mind's eye we are wont to see St. Joseph walking, his hand on the bridle of the humble ass that bears our Blessed Mother, first from Galilee to Bethlehem, later to Egypt and back. Likewise, we recall that St. Patrick trudged the length and breadth of Ireland, and that St. Francis

Xavier, when not on the sea, tirelessly trod the pathways of India, Japan, and the islands of the East.

Sedan chairs, native carts, Chinese ponies and even, every now and then, something as modern as a railroad train or motorbus, give a lift to the Maryknoll missionaries, but most of their journeyings must still be made on foot. Thus they keep to the tradition followed by the great pioneers of the apostolate whose feasts we celebrate this month.

**Holy Mary, Mother of God,  
pray for us sinners, now and at  
the hour of our death. Amen.**

**W**E are calling this issue the *Kongmoon Number* and hope that from it you will secure a more comprehensive picture of Maryknoll's first mission territory.

You will recall that today Maryknoll possesses six fields in the Far East. Three of these are in South China, while there is one each in Manchukuo, Korea, and Japan. Among those in South China, the Vicariate of Kongmoon is our oldest. In it we have been laboring since 1918.

Our first missionaries encountered head winds at the start. Kongmoon from the beginning proved our most difficult Mission, and continues so today. This year our converts there have doubled over those of last, but they still fall far short of the number secured in

any of our other fields except Japan.

Kongmoon is the Cinderella of our Missions, and evokes the same special love that one feels for the little girl in the story.

**We pray, O Lord, that we may  
be aided by the merits of Saint  
Joseph, the Spouse of Thy most  
holy Mother.**

**F**IELD AFAR readers reported last year many and striking favors received through the *Novena of Grace*. It will be recalled that in all Maryknoll Houses, from March 4th to March 12th, Masses and special devotions are offered for the intentions of all our friends on the occasion of this nine days of special prayer to St. Francis Xavier.

Maryknoll friends know that we are interested not only in what they do for us, but in what we do for them. We use the *Novena of Grace* as an occasion to show our gratitude to those who cooperate with us.

We are sure, however, that even in the *Novena of Grace* the favors are not one-sided. Undoubtedly many a young man and young woman will feel the promptings to give themselves to the apostolate, and their call will be the result of the Novena prayers. One day Maryknoll will be enriched by their presence.

**Obtain for us, O Joseph, to  
lead an innocent life; and may  
it ever be safe through thy patronage.**

**S**T. PAUL said that Christ sent him, not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel, and the same sentence has at times been echoed by the Maryknoll Sisters in the *Holy Spirit School*, where Chinese girls of Hong Kong's pagan elite flock in numbers.

Not that the girls do not want to be baptized. Scores beg for it, and last year eight of them actu-

### THE LEPER WORK GROWS

**M**ARYKNOLL'S Father Joseph Sweeney and Father Francis Connors now have under their care in South China nearly 300 leper patients, for each of whom \$3.00 must be found every month to supply the bare necessities of life.

**WHILST YOU HAVE THE LIGHT, BELIEVE IN THE LIGHT;**



ally succeeded in persuading their families to let them receive the Sacrament. But pagan parents are hard hurdles for filial daughters, and the great majority must so far be content with Baptism of desire. Some of them, however, are scoring on the family by insisting on the Friday fast, and others use other novel means of wearing down the opposition, so that the Sisters have every hope of seeing them finally land, through the grace of God and their own ingenuity, in the fold of the elect.

Preaching the Gospel, after all, has a way of ending in Baptism.

**Holy Joseph, who as a faithful and wise servant was set over Thy family, that with a father's care he should guard Thine only-begotten Son.**

OUR friends were very good to us at Christmas. After the dark depression years, it was gratifying to have a response to our Advent Appeal more generous than we have experienced since 1930. This means times are better.

We know, however, that the pinch of the hard times has not entirely gone and hence we plan this year to omit our annual Lenten Appeal.

Please count on our wish never to overdo in the matter of asking your financial assistance. We need your help, but above all we want your friendship and your devotion. Maryknoll must build with far finer substance than dollars and cents.

**Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord; he shall delight greatly in his commandments.**

ONE of the first phases of the Maryknoll idea, years before Maryknoll itself was founded, was the development of Catholic mission literature. Today, the Maryknoll bookshelf is quite sizable and contains volumes which appeal to practically every taste.

**IF the religion of Christ is worth anything, it is worth everything. The consistent Catholic seeks to spread his Faith.**

Maryknoll has never had the intention of securing a profit from its books, but nevertheless a small return has come, permitting us during this year of 1936 to do something which heretofore has



A SAINT JOSEPH IN CHINESE STYLE. THE PROTECTOR OF THE HOLY FAMILY HAS A SPECIAL APPEAL TO THE CHINESE, AMONG WHOM FAMILY LIFE IS HELD IN HONOR AND REVERENCE

not seemed possible. For a single dollar bill we are prepared to send ten Maryknoll books to any Catholic household, school, or institution in the United States. The project will consume thousands of volumes, but this means just so many thousands of messengers bearing the mission ideal throughout the country.

We hope you will find a way to cooperate in our latest book-circulating plan.

MARYKNOLL is naturally much interested in Oriental students, but especially in those who come to the United States already matured and keen to improve themselves.

Not a few Orientals have been spoiled rather than helped by their American experience. These were as a rule young men who entered preparatory schools or colleges before they had acquired a knowledge of their own language, history, and traditions. After a period of years here, these young men returned to their native land lacking much that they would have acquired had they studied in China, and often laden with ideas and mannerisms that do little justice to American influence.

Our advice to Oriental parents is to keep their sons in China during the period of their college course, and to send them abroad only when they are matured enough to absorb higher studies and to observe with discrimination.

**When Thy only-begotten Son showed Himself in the substance of our mortal nature, He restored us by the new light of His own immortality.**

We have received from Japan the story in figures of the Church's progress in the Japanese Empire during the past year. It is interesting to see that in Japan itself there were practically the same number of converts as during the preceding year, namely 1,700, to the former figure of 1,690.

In Korea things moved much more rapidly for that land reports 5,529 converts. Of these, almost 2,000 — 1,977 to be exact — come from the Maryknoll field of Peng Yang. Thus again this year Peng Yang takes first place among the Missions of the Japanese Empire in its harvest of souls.

The total for the Japanese Empire, which includes Japan, Korea, and the Japanese Islands of the Pacific, is 8,062.

**THAT YOU MAY BE THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT.**

# A Swing Around The Kongmoon Circuit



THE CHINESE CHARACTERS FOR KONGMOON ARE THOSE FOR "RIVER" AND "GATE". THE ABOVE PANORAMA CAN BE SEEN FROM THE MISSION COMPOUND IS AT THE FOOT OF THE PALM-GROWN HILLOCK TO THE RIGHT. NEAREST THE WHITE PHOTOGRAPH IS THE "CATHEDRAL OF THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY", WHILE STILL FURTHER IN THE BACKGROUND, THE



WE can talk about the Kongmoon Circuit with a certain amount of real aptness in the expression, since this first Maryknoll Mission is very curiously shaped. It resembles very much a horseshoe with the West River running from one top to the other of the uprights, thus providing a water route which links both extremes of the territory.

## The Center Mission—

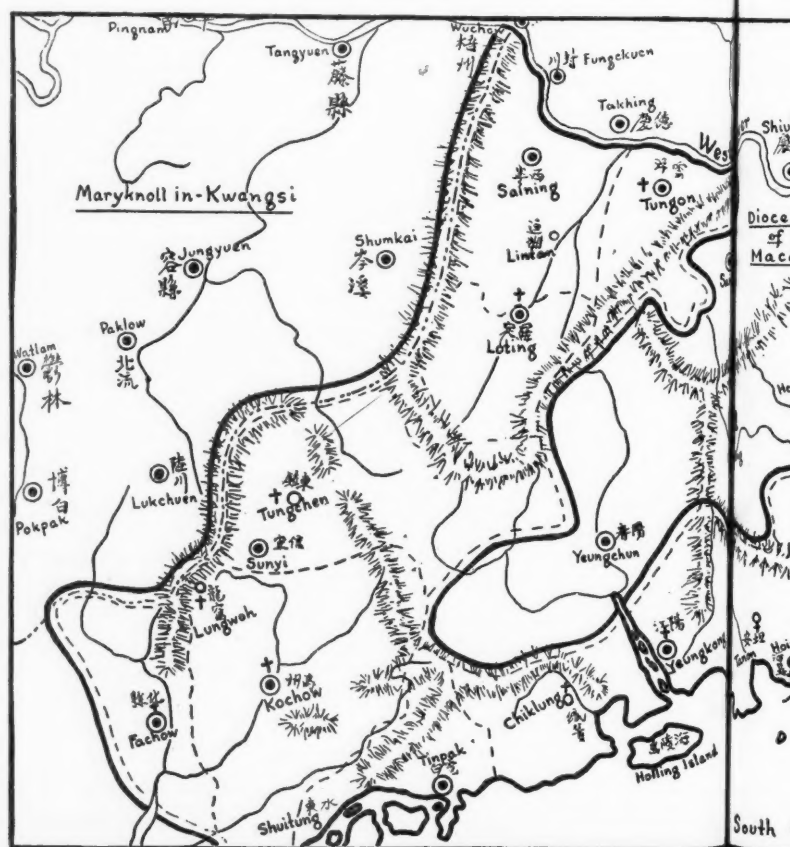
If we suppose that we are making a visit as journeyers from the United States, the ordinary thing for us to do would be to pass through the shouting crowds around the Hong Kong docks and board a night steamer for the City of Kongmoon. At the Chinese end of the voyage we again push our way through a noisy throng, take refuge in friendly rickshaws and hurry off to a quiet and beautiful spot by the waterfront where Bishop Walsh has built up his principal Center.

We pass through the great gate, walk by the Convent of the native *Sisters of the Immaculate Heart*, and find ourselves welcomed with the warm southern hospitality of Bishop James Edward Walsh, of Cumberland, Md. Behind his home is the Church, the tiny Pro-Cathedral which pleased so much Archbishop Constantini because of its attempt to give play to Chinese art in its architecture and ornamentation. Again further on is the Preparatory Seminary, where some three score of

Kongmoon's hopefuls are being trained for the priesthood. We have spoken elsewhere of these two very important institutions, the Chinese *Sisters of the Immaculate Heart*, and *Kongmoon's Seminary*.

Bishop Walsh's Center has been

placed here at Kongmoon not because of any immediate promise in the way of local progress, but rather because it is the most convenient place of residence from which to reach the various missions of the territory and for contact with the outside world. Kongmoon has



THE MARYKNOLL KONGMOON VICARIATE IN SOUTHERN CHINA RESEARCH

# cu— Maryknoll's Oldest Overseas Mission



AN IDEA OF THE LOCATION OF THE KONGMOON CENTER COMPOUND, ON THE DELTA OF THE WEST RIVER. THE PHOTOGRAPHER IS THE SEMINARY BUILDING. BEYOND THAT THE ONE STORY STRUCTURE IS THE "CATHEDRAL," THE BISHOP'S HOUSE, THE NOVITIATE, AND THE MISSION GATE CAN BE DISTINGUISHED

the smallest number of Christians of any of the Vicariate's fifteen missions, counting but 74.

Bishop Walsh himself and his Vicar Delegate, the Very Rev. John J. Toomey, of New Bedford, Mass., take care of the little parish and do their

best to draw fruit from what thus far has proven sterile soil. Brother Michael Hogan, of Philadelphia, assists Bishop Walsh both in his local work and in the administration of his Vicariate.

In the house with the Bishop is Father Anthony Paulhus, of Fall River,

Mass., the indefatigable Rector of the Seminary, who is assisted in his teaching task by Fr. Simon Lei, the only Chinese priest to whom Kongmoon thus far can claim credit. The other Seminary professors are laymen.



SOUTH CHINA RESEMBLES VERY MUCH A HORSESHOE IN SHAPE

## A "Westernized" Sector—

Not far from Kongmoon, along the little eighty-mile strip of railroad which moves down the right-hand upright of our horseshoe, is *Sunwui*, under the care of Father Martin J. Burke, of Brooklyn, N. Y.—a relatively small station, but one of great promise. Of its approximately 150 Catholics, one-half (73) are adults, baptized during the past year.

Very interesting in connection with Sunwui is the leper colony, the Director of which is Father Joseph Sweeney, of New Britain, Conn., who is assisted by Father Francis J. Connors, of Peabody, Mass., and a Maryknoll Brother. We speak of this beautiful work on another page.

Further along down the railroad, which likewise means down the side of our horseshoe, is *Sunchong*, a few miles distant from where the train stops. Here we find a goodly settlement of over 400 Christians, in charge of Father Edward V. Mueth, of St. Louis, Mo.

Some day, let us hope, there will be a mission compound in Sunning City, one of the smartest business centers in this corner of Kwangtung Province, up-to-date through the ideas brought home by thousands of its sons who have labored abroad, particularly in America. Smartness and modernity, however, do not seem to help much in disposing men toward the Faith, and hence thus far





IN THE CITY OF DOSHING THE KONGMOON VICARIATE'S MOST RECENT MISSION STATION HAS BEEN OPENED BY FATHER OTTO RAUSCHENBACH, OF ST. LOUIS, MO. DURING THE FLOOD SEASON SAMPANS ARE THE MEANS OF TRAFFIC IN DOSHING'S STREET-CANALS

efforts in Sunning City and, indeed, through this whole region of Sz Yap, have not brought very happy results.

#### Toi Shan and Chikkai—

At the end of the railroad line we come to *Toi Shan*, where Father James E. McDermott, of Worcester, Mass., is pastor. Father McDermott has a group of 230 Christians, 29 of whom he has converted during the past year.

The most interesting feature of *Toi Shan*, however, is the *Sacred Heart Hospital*, at the head of which is Doctor Harry Blaber, of Brooklyn, N. Y., assisted by Doctor A. Bagalawis of Manila and a Chinese physician, Doctor Louis Chan.

*Sacred Heart Hospital* counts only some thirty beds, and feels keenly the limitations of its space in every department. Nevertheless, it is one of Kongmoon's proudest boasts, for it has made an excellent start in the great task of demonstrating to the Chinese Christian charity in action.

Off the coast of *Toi Shan* is the tiniest county in Kwangtung Province—the island of *Chikkai*—and here we find another Maryknoll mission, under the direction of Father John J. Tierney, of New York City. *Chikkai* holds a

place by itself for its people are not of the same stock as their neighbors, but are Hakkas, originally of northern China, such as we find likewise in Bishop Ford's Vicariate of Kaying. The presence of the Hakkas in *Chikkai* is almost as strange as would be a colony of Scandinavians on an island in Greece. Father Tierney counts almost 500 Catholics among these Hakka people, and last year had the consolation of adding 30 converts to their ranks.

#### The Right Side of the Kongmoon Horseshoe—

We move down the China Coast, which means down the right side of our horseshoe, and come to Father George Bauer's mission of *Hoingan*, the largest of all Kongmoon stations, with over 1,400 Christians. Father George is originally from Bavaria. He is applying himself at *Hoingan* with all the zeal and methodical energy of his race, and last year had the satisfaction of fifteen converts.

Off the coast from *Hoingan*, then, though reached most conveniently from a point further north, is the famous island of *Sancian* with some 1,300 Chris-

tians, many of whom, however, are unfortunately a bit lukewarm in the practice of their faith. Here Father Robert J. ("Sandy") Cairns, whose family now lives in National City, Calif., holds the fort. We speak of *Sancian* elsewhere. It is sacred as the spot where Saint Francis Xavier died, but its missionary sees little visible fruit of his labors. Last year Father Sandy despite his efforts had not the satisfaction of baptizing a single adult convert.

We come to the bottom of the right side of our horseshoe and reach *Yeung-kong*, especially dear to all Maryknollers, for there Father Price, our co-founder, labored with the first mission band until his death in September of 1919. Today Father Maurice Feeney, of Albany, N. Y., is pastor there, assisted by Father Frank A. O'Neill, of Woonsocket, R. I., and Father Donat Chatigny, of Amesbury, Mass. *Yeung-kong* is one of our principal centers, with over 1,100 Christians.

Much of the fruitful work there goes to the credit of the Maryknoll Sisters. Head of the convent is Sister Beatrice, of Davenport, Iowa, assisted by Sister Rose, of Schenectady, N. Y., Sister Dolorosa, of Mankato, Minn., and Sister Monica Marie, of Philadelphia, Pa.

#### Around the Lower Loop—

Now we swing around the lower loop of our horseshoe, and meet the five missions of *Chiklung*, *Kochow*, *Fachow*, *Lungwoh* and *Tungchen*.

*Chiklung*, a near neighbor of *Yeung-kong*, was founded and built up by the second Maryknoller to die in the Orient, the late Father Anthony P. Hodgins, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Today *Chiklung* counts 250 Catholics, and its pastor is Father John F. Smith, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

A goodly journey further on we come again to an important center, that of *Kochow*. It is in care of the Very Rev. Adolph J. Paschang, of Martinsburg, Mo., Pro-Vicar of the Kongmoon Vicariate and Society Superior, that is special representative of the Maryknoll Center in the Kongmoon territory. He has as helper Father J. E. Fitzgerald, of Medford, Mass. *Kochow* counts 1,150 Catholics. Of special interest at *Kochow* is the secondary school which Father Paschang has labored so tirelessly to develop.

The Field Afar for life, \$50.

LET US PRAY FOR THE PAGANS, THAT ALMIGHTY



Quite off the main route in the swing around the horseshoe is *Fachow*, southernmost of the mission stations. Father John A. McGinn, of Providence, R. I., is in charge of this outpost with its little band of 150 Christians.

We turn toward the left hand upright of the horseshoe and reach *Lung-zvoh*, a station which at the present moment is cared for from Kochow. Here Father Paschang has an additional 260 Catholics to minister to.

And now we come to *Tungchen*, one of the finest of Kongmoon's missions, with a Christian population equal to that of Kochow, that is, 1,150 souls. Tungchen has in recent times been in charge of Father Joseph P. McGinn, of Philadelphia, now on furlough, his place temporarily filled by Father John C. Heemskerck of Holland. Tungchen during the past year has had the excellent record of 60 converts, largest harvest of any of the stations save Sunwui.

#### The Left-Hand Upright—

The left-hand upright of the horseshoe is relatively poor in missions, counting at present but three stations, of which one, *Doshing*, is a very recent foundation. It is in care of Father Otto A. Rauschenbach, of St. Louis, Mo.

The best known and most important mission in this region is that of *Loting*, with 242 Christians. Father Robert Kennelly, of Norwalk, Conn., is pastor there, assisted by Father Joseph Lavin, of Framingham, Mass. Loting has the distinction, with Kongmoon and Yeung-kong, of possessing a Maryknoll convent. Sister Richard, of Sturgis, Mich., is Superioress, assisted by Sister Francis, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Sister Colombiere, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

In this region likewise is *Wanfau*, where, on the outskirts of Tungon City, the mission compound is backed in among picturesque marble mountains. Wanfa's 130 Christians are in charge of Father Mark A. Churchill, of Mason City, Iowa.

#### Of the Kongmoon Family—

We have touched upon the fields of labor of all the Maryknollers in the Vicariate of Kongmoon. We should not close, however, without mentioning those whose health has been broken by Kongmoon's climate.

Father Joseph Farnen, of Baltimore,

after a period at home under treatment hopes soon to return to the field; but Father Edward Leprelle, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Father Charles A. Walker, of San Francisco, are still suffering severely from maladies which were visited upon them while in South China.

#### Kongmoon-in-Heaven—

And a thought for those who have passed on. First among them is Maryknoll's saintly co-founder, Father Thomas Frederick Price, of Wilmington, N. C. For a quarter of a century before Maryknoll's beginnings Father Price

1920. Given the task of founding and building up the mission at Chiklung, he spent himself generously until the spring of 1922, when he contracted pneumonia. He died in Hong Kong, May 23, 1922.

Sister Mary Gertrude Moore, R.N., of New York City, won many friends for the mission by means of her consecrated labors in the Yeungkong dispensary. A victim of typhoid, she died at Yeungkong, on August 21, 1923.

Father Daniel L. McShane, of Columbus, Ind., the first priest to be ordained for Maryknoll, was assigned



MARYKNOLL'S FATHER MARTIN BURKE, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y., NOW PASTOR OF SUNWUI IN THE KONGMOON VICARIATE, AND FOUR GRADUATES OF THE LITTLE FLOWER PREPARATORY SEMINARY IN KONGMOON

had been an apostle to backwoodsmen of his native State, so that when in 1918 the Society sent its pioneer mission band to the Orient he was already fifty-eight. Nevertheless he begged to be allowed to accompany the little group, to whom he was to become counselor, model, inspiration and father. After less than a year on the foreign field Father Price was stricken with acute appendicitis and died at St. Paul's Hospital in Hong Kong, September 12, 1919.

Father Anthony P. Hodgins, of Brooklyn, N. Y., had been a successful lawyer before studying for the priesthood. He was assigned to China in

to China in 1919. He was the first pastor of the Loting Mission, where he baptized hundreds of abandoned waifs. From one of these little "thieves of heaven" he contracted smallpox, from which he died, at Loting, on June 4, 1927.

Sister Mary Bernadette Tam, born in Hawaii of Chinese parents, did fine catechetical work among the women of Loting, where she was also of great service in the orphanage. She died at Hong Kong, on June 17, 1928.

Father Philip Taggart, of Brooklyn, N. Y., went in 1921 to South China. Yeungkong was his first post there, and he returned to it again as pastor in 1929. This zealous and vigorous young apostle died at Yeungkong, on August 4, 1931.

**G**OD'S gift to us is Jesus. Our gift to God is what?

GOD WOULD TAKE THE INIQUITY OUT OF THEIR HEARTS,

## Lucy Wears Gala Attire

By Father Frederick C. Dietz, of Oberlin, Ohio, a missionary of the Kongmoon Vicariate now in Peiping as a member of the Church of China's Synodal Commission



AT LOTING FATHER DIETZ TREATS THE ORPHAN FAMILY TO CANDIED EGGS, AND ONE OF THE GROUP UNDERTAKES TO MAKE A "THANK YOU" SPEECH

**L**UCY was born of pagan parents near Great Bend, about six miles from Loting where our little river sweeps round in a majestic curve. Her parents were very poor so that when she was about six years old she was sold for a few dollars to the family of

her prospective husband, to be raised there till old enough to be married.

The average little girl in China knows nothing of dolls and is trained to work from her earliest years. So it was that our little friend spent the time of her childhood mostly about the kitchen in the company of her mother-in-law-to-be, lending a hand at sun-

dry occupations from early morn till night, and receiving in return two simple meals daily of rice and green vegetables, with an occasional sweet potato thrown in. In those days Lucy had no deformity. She was sound and whole as other little girls, and happy enough in her little way. And then it happened.

### Lucy Becomes a Beggar—

One day, when she was about twelve years old, her mother-in-law sent her, as was her wont, to fetch water from the river. Off she went, gaily, her buckets slung on a pole over her shoulder, little dreaming what was in store for her. Was she a little weak that day, or did she tarry by the roadside? At any rate, she was slow in returning home and when she arrived there found her mother-in-law all angry and excited. In a fit of blind rage the woman took up a bamboo pole and beat the child unmercifully.

For a day and a half poor Lucy lay on the ground, quivering, hovering between life and death. Seeing she was badly hurt, the heartless mother-in-law took no further interest in her. At last some good Samaritan neighbors carried her to their home and cared for her after a fashion. She recovered, but was now shrunken and deformed—a hopeless cripple.

Her mother-in-law would have nothing further to do with her. No other course was now open to the poor creature but to take up begging as a profession, which she did, managing in this way to earn a precarious living.

After some years she found her way to Loting, a populous city where prospects were somewhat better. For two years she lived in the shop of a kind pagan, begging her food daily from house to house.

### A Small Washerwoman—

On one of these tours she happened upon the Catholic Mission. The good woman in charge of the Foundlings' Home and Orphanage gave her a little rice. Encouraged, she came again, and again. She got to like the place and the people there. Finally, she summoned up courage to ask: "Would they take her in?" She would be glad to do what work she could, and all she would ex-



THE MARYKNOLL LOTING ORPHANAGE HAS A MOON GATE AND TYPICALLY CHINESE ROOF DECORATIONS

THAT BY FORSAKING THEIR IDOLS,

pect in return was her food. Father McShane took pity on her, mindful no doubt of the words of Our Lord: *He that shall receive one such little child in My Name receiveth Me.*

She was assigned to help with the babies. Her particular duty was to wash the clothes of the little foundlings. There were always from ten to twenty, or more, of these helpless little waifs to be cared for. Each day some of them died, but others as quickly came to take their place. It was to be steady work for her, washing for her little charges. Each day she made her way to the river not far from the Mission with her two little baskets slung over her shoulder to do her humble duty in the shallow water near the bank.

Then the Maryknoll Sisters came to Loting and a new era commenced. Lucy came to know something of human charity and divine love. She found a friendly interest taken in her. She was taught her catechism and her prayers, and in the course of time received Baptism and a new name—Lucy. It was a happy day for her. Soon after she made her First Holy Communion. From then on, she became an almost daily communicant. God was good to her. In fact, was not her humpback a blessing in disguise? Had it not led her to the feet of God to bask in the sunshine of His grace?

#### "Thieves of Heaven"—

And so, day after day, month after month, little humpback Lucy supernaturalized by her daily prayers and her daily Mass and Communion the monotonous grind of her humble existence. The foundlings' clothes were washed and rewashed till they became mere rags, when they were replaced by others which went through the same process. Many's the time I happened to pass her with her little baskets, going to or coming from the river, and received her friendly greeting: "God bless you, Father."

The foundling babies, except those who come in a dying condition, are baptized as a rule in the evening. Some days there are five or six of them. This too was one of Lucy's duties—her most cherished duty, very likely—to hold one of these little "thieves of heaven" when the time for Baptisms arrived. And

the babies that usually fell to her lot were the most puny and most diseased, the ones others were chary about handling. Lucy accepted the distinction without a murmur as her rightful portion. Her naïve humility must have delighted the angels.

After some time, Lucy was given a small salary in addition to her food, a matter of a dollar a month. Once or twice a year her father, who had been forced by poverty to a career of begging, would come to see her. On these occasions she would share with him a portion of her pittance.



DURING SEVEN YEARS AT THE LOTING MISSION LITTLE HUNCHBACK LUCY SUPERNATURALIZED BY HER DAILY PRAYERS THE MONOTONOUS GRIND OF WASHING THE FOUNDLINGS' CLOTHES

For eight years little Lucy continued her daily grind, washing, endlessly washing, for the infants, and offering them for Baptism in the evening. Occasionally she would have a spell of sickness and forced inactivity, for this is an unhealthy climate where malaria and dengue fever are prevalent and disease in general is rampant. And then, after her shrunken little body had been racked with chills and fever, she would recover and set to work again, trotting back and forth to the river, every day being wash day.

**T**HE missionary must be willing to go the whole way.

#### Lucy Wears Gala Attire—

So it went on till her little humpbacked frame showed signs of serious weakening. Pain and distress were written across her otherwise placid features, her breathing became labored, her appetite failed, and hemorrhages occurred. The doctor looked for germs of tuberculosis, but each of several tests proved negative. Meanwhile, the patient grew rapidly weaker and Extreme Unction was administered. At seven in the evening Lucy breathed her last, amid the prayers of the wide-eyed little orphan girls.

She died among the little foundlings, in the same room in which they had been dying about her daily. As I saw her wasted little frame—scarce eighty pounds of deformed humanity—lying on the board which had served her as a bed, I could not help but rejoice that her course was run and feel that it was good for her, in the words of St. Paul, to be dissolved and to be with Christ.

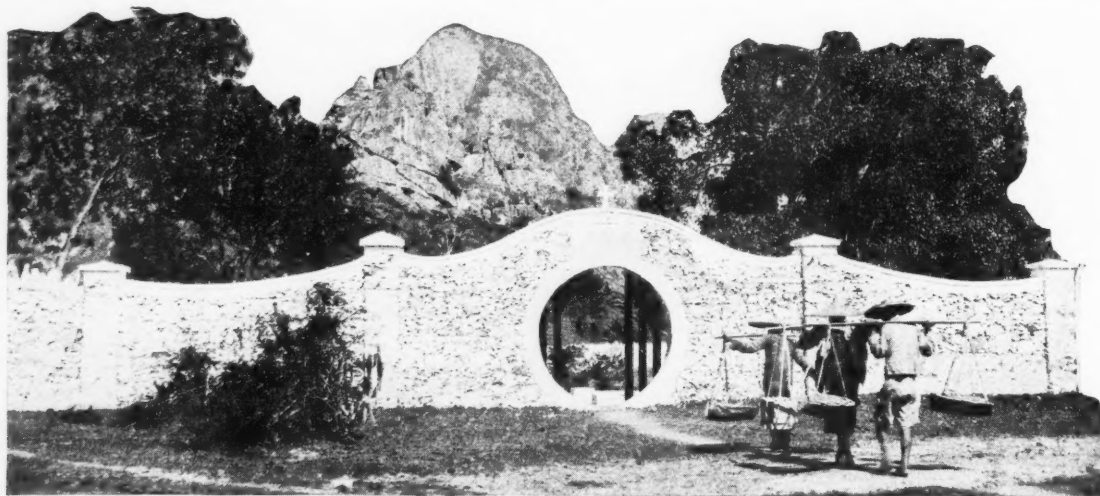
The old lady who dressed the corpse is reported to have addressed it familiarly, as follows: "Come, Lucy, you must put on your best clothes. You are going to see Our Lord." In my opinion, she was seeing Him already and had been welcomed by Him with the words of yore: *Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*

Three mourners there were and they cried as if their hearts would break; a blind girl, a lame girl, and a sound girl. The hunchback had been their friend and companion. God bless them for those tears!

#### The Reception Committee—

Lucy lies buried on a nearby hillside. The funeral cortege was scarcely remarkable—a few men and boys, a few women and girl orphans, and two priests. That was all. But externals do not signify. It was the reception committee, rather, which counted. And that, I am sure, consisted of hundreds and even thousands of "little thieves of heaven", many of whom Lucy herself had carried to Baptism, and for all of whom she had performed the humble service of washing, washing, washing.

THEY MAY BE CONVERTED TO THE TRUE AND LIVING GOD.



*The moon gate of the Maryknoll Wanfau mission, Kongmoon Vicariate, South China*

## Happenings Along The Maryknoll Trail

### Headliners—



**K**ONGMOON in South China, Maryknoll's oldest mission field in the Orient, presents a great number of obstacles to convert making, and tangible spiritual harvests of past years have been meager.

Last year, however, the number of adult converts was double that recorded for the preceding twelve months, despite the fact that the Vicariate is confronted with a serious shortage of funds. The work of Maryknollers in behalf of Kongmoon's lepers has led a number of pagans into the Church and has opened to the missionaries the gates of several villages where the Faith had never before gained a foothold.

¶On February eleventh the pioneer novices of the native *Congregation of the Immaculate Heart*, founded by Kongmoon's Bishop James E. Walsh, made their first vows. This native community is being guided in its initial stages by the Maryknoll Sisters,

who began to train its first aspirants in 1927.

¶Maryknollers in *Japan* are privileged to begin work in the very district where St. Francis Xavier labored longest in that country.

At Adzuchi, a small village in the sector allotted to them, Xavier had a little seminary. No vestige of the building now remains, but the rice field marking its site bears the name "*Daius*", a corruption of "*Deus*", the Latin word for God. For the Maryknollers this little plot of land in a pagan country bearing the name of the True God is an inspiring and a precious heritage.

### Lovable People of Japan—

¶A MARYKNOLLER in *Japan* writes: "These lovable people welcome us and are grateful for any kindness shown them. They are extra-

ordinarily inclined to see all that is good and honest, and have an eagerness to learn. Their charming disposition and friendly manner delight one. Was it not St. Francis Xavier himself who said many years ago: 'This people is the delight of my soul.'"

¶The autumn at Lake Biwa, on whose borders Maryknoll's temporary center house in Japan is situated, appears to linger late. In a letter written towards the close of November Father Boesflug says: "The leaves have turned to scarlet and gold, and there is color everywhere. However, by the time this reaches you colder weather will be upon us. People here tell us that *Shiga Prefecture* frequently has snow, especially in its northern sector where Father Whitlow and Father Daley have their 'chapel-rectories' in the towns of Hikone and Notogawa."

### "Western Big-Noses" in Korea—

¶A *Shingishu* in the Maryknoll Korean mission field Sister Mercy, M.D., is "busier than usual", so this tireless worker must be busy indeed. She says: "Little urchins who used to jeer, and shout 'Western Big-Noses' after us when we appeared in their neighborhood, now greet us with their most solemn and profound bows and

**SACRIFICE is the coin by which we may purchase souls for Christ. During Lent cooperate with Our Lord in His work of Redemption.**

THY CROSS, O LORD, WE HONOR, FOR BY THE WOOD



beg us to come to see someone very sick at their homes. And the dear old Grandmas! Many of them invite us to stop for a little chat and smoke! All have a cheery greeting for us.

"So, as we go our daily rounds, we pray that some day these dear, simple people may come to know all about the God Who has sent 'Western Big-Noses' as His messengers to them."

¶A new convent, staffed by Sister Rose Genevieve, R.N. and Sister William, has been opened in *Peng Yang*. The convent has a small hospital attached, which is only for charity cases. "Although there are just two of us," writes Sister Rose Genevieve, "we don't get lonesome, as we have more than plenty to keep us busy."

#### A St. Thomas Hair Cut in Manchukuo—

¶AT *Tung Hua* in the Maryknoll Manchu Mission Father Clarence Burns noted that one of the Christian children had a strange hair cut. "Had it perhaps a superstitious meaning?" he questioned the father. "No, no, *Shen Fu* (Spiritual Father)," replied the fond parent, "do you not recall the holy picture you gave our boy when he was baptized?" The Maryknoller did not recall, so the father showed him a picture of St. Thomas, and explained that the lad had a St. Thomas tonsure as a complement of the name. Father Burns is now wondering what other holy pictures he distributed and what novel style of hair cut may appear next.

¶*Ch'a Kou*, the oldest Christian settlement in Manchukuo, has recently passed on the light of the Faith to a town between it and Dairen.

About thirty families of this town asked Father Jacques for catechists to instruct them in Catholic doctrine, and have since proved themselves sincere and earnest neophytes.

¶At *Chiao Tou*, the growing congregation has obliged Father Escalante to rent a chapel twice the size of his former one. If Monsignor Lane is able to scrape together the wherewithal he intends soon to build a "real" dwelling for the *Chiao Tou* "locum tenens".

¶Maryknollers of *Manchukuo* and *Korea* have recently enjoyed the privilege of Retreats preached by Bishop James E. Walsh of the Society's Kong-

moon field in South China.

#### The Maryknoll Wuchow Mission (South China) Has a New Chapel—

¶MISSIONERS from far and near and the Chinese themselves unite in admiration of the chapel in Chinese style completed by Father Mulcahy at *Jungyun*, before he left that city to take over the direction of Monsignor Meyer's new Minor Seminary for native vocations at Tanchuk.

The chapel is a memorial to Miss Katherine Decker of Los Angeles, whose generosity also made possible for the Maryknoll Sisters the purchase of the Monvoria Sanatorium in California.



A MARYKNOLL MISSION TRIO OF THE SOCIETY'S WUCHOW SOUTH CHINA FIELD. FATHER MARK TENNIS, OF PITTSFORD, VT., STANDS ON THE LEFT; IN THE CENTER IS FATHER WILLIAM KUPFER, OF FLUSHING, N. Y.; AND THE THIRD MARYKNOLLER IS FATHER TIMOTHY DALEY, OF PALMER, N. Y.

#### A Courteous Mandarin of Maryknoll-in-Kaying (South China)—

¶FATHER Downs and Father Longinus Chai, one of the Kaying Mission's young native priests, had occasion to visit the mandarin at Tsiaoleang in connection with a new chapel at *Three Streams Market*. The mandarin was most courteous, complimenting the missionaries on the peaceful character of Sialoc (an almost wholly Catholic village), and assuring them that the Church has a good name in that vicinity. He added that if the missionaries

had any other business to transact they should not inconvenience themselves by coming to Tsiaoleang, but should merely call him on the telephone.

¶Father Callan at *Hingning* recently offered Mass for the recovery of Grandpa Lim. The old fellow had been stabbed and everyone said he would have been killed except for the fact that the knife did not go through a large holy medal he was wearing over his heart.

Father Callan has been on the trail of old Doctor Fou, a Chinese medico who has quite a reputation in local whereabouts. The old timer had fallen away from the Sacraments, however he finally heeded the Maryknoller's exhortations. "On Sunday morning, astride his jingle-belled horse and accompanied by his wife (on foot), he rode into the yard and was greeted by all the crowd as though he were the Mayor arriving at Brockton Fair. On several occasions, I've met the Doc on the highways. He is always on horseback and preceded by Mrs. Fou (pagan), who walks and is never more than three feet in the lead."

#### An Apostolic Man to the Last (Kongmoon Vicariate, South China)—

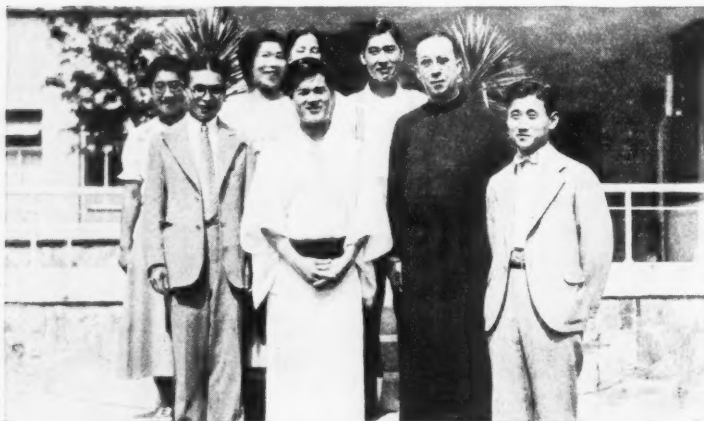
¶MR. CHOW, the barber-apostle of *Loking*, an out-station of Loting, died recently and his large Catholic funeral made a strong impression on the local pagans. Mr. Chow met Maryknoll's late Father McShane in his Loking barber chair, and, being a courtly man himself, was drawn by the Maryknoller's kindly dignity and simple goodness. Mr. Chow and his wife became Loking's first Christians, and thereafter Maryknoll apostles of Loting had no stauncher and more effective ally than Mr. Chow's barber chair.

¶At *Hoingnan* Father Bauer speaks very highly of the work of two Chinese Virgins. These native religious instruct the women and children and are an inspiration to all the Christians.

¶Father Tierney, at *Chikkai*, is drawing converts by means of his mission dispensary. His orphanage is growing by leaps and bounds and, while Chikkai has not an officially recognized old folks' home, Father Tierney harbors as many of the destitute aged as his meager funds permit.

## An Old Piano's Miracle

By Father John C. Murrett, of Buffalo, N. Y., pastor of the Maryknoll Japanese Mission in Dairen, Manchukuo



FATHER MURRETT, JOHN MARY TAKEMORI, AND SOME OF THE NEW CHRISTIAN'S FRIENDS, ON THE DAY OF "JOHN MURRETT'S" BAPTISM  
"Of course a picture had to be taken of the neophyte, in his white baptismal robe"



IN a letter accompanying the following story Father Murrett writes: "This is another true story, with a few forced locations so as not to embarrass John Mary should he ever come across it in print—which is doubtful, as he does not read English."

"When I asked what saint's name he wished to have, he said, 'John Murrett'. 'Well, he's not a saint yet—you'll have to take a saint that everyone knows about.' He was puzzled, so I said, 'All right, it shall be Jean Marie, then; and to this day he tells inquirers that his baptismal name is John Murrett. That had better go down in the books for the sake of future devil advocates."

"Since his Baptism the young man has continued to improve in health, and is once more back in his native hearth, with his beloved violin. Occasionally he drops down to see me. But in his own parish he is doing fine work, and has already led another young man into the fold."

### A Visitor Arrives—

It wasn't much of a piano, and Father Winthrop wasn't much of a musician, but he welcomed the instrument when the pathetic, little orchestra in the Manchu village of Jufun begged the use of one room in the mission for their rehearsals. In exchange, they would leave the piano there for the use of the mission. There were two reasons why Father Winthrop let the instrument be brought in: he would have weekly contacts with the young Japanese men who were members of the orchestra, and then, again, he missed the presence of some music—no matter how poor—at this interior mission.

One Sunday evening, as he was letting his "fingers wander idly over the noisy keys", a visitor was announced. It was a young lad, about eighteen, with a violin case under his arm.

"Excuse me," he began, "my name is

**THE mission fields and the homeland Knolls have many needs. If you cannot decide which need is greatest, make your Gift "Stringless". We prefer such.**

Mori! May I take my violin lesson here?"

The priest, thinking some mistake had been made, answered:

"I am sorry, Mori San, but I do not teach violin."

"Oh, I have a teacher; he comes here from the next village every Sunday, but this is the only piano in town. May I come here for my lessons?"

"Of course," laughed the priest, "you may come, and welcome!"

"Well," said the practical young man, "I shall practice, then, before my teacher comes."

"I suppose," thought Father Winthrop to himself, grinning sheepishly, "that means 'please get out and don't disturb me.'"

### Mori Has Talent—

As he sat in his little office adjacent to the piano room the priest was surprised at the talent of the young violinist. One of the things which had grated on his musical ear ever since coming to the Orient was the quarter tone that most of the natives could accomplish in their playing and singing. As one of his confrères declared: they could sing the notes that lie in the cracks between the keys. But this student violinist was an exception—there was a sweetness about his playing which was only a little more unusual than the fact that he was hitting the right note each time, without any wavering.

There followed, that night, an hour's lesson, and then the front door closed noisily, quiet reigned—without a goodbye or a word Mori San had gone. This went on for some weeks, until one Sunday night the priest noticed that the teacher seemed not to have come, but the student kept up his practice undaunted. Later he opened the door and asked:

"Your teacher did not come tonight?"

"No. He will not come any more, but may I come here to practice?"

"Yes, indeed. I play the piano a little, and if I can help you from time to time I'll try my hand at accompanying you."

### "My Violin Is My God"—

Gradually the Sunday evening rehearsals turned into concerts for the

missioner and his young protégé, and although Father Winthrop didn't know "first position" from short-stop he guided the boy through difficult sonatas and études, while the two became good friends. When the first opportunity presented itself the priest asked: "Are you a Christian?" But he knew from the puzzled expression of the other that the answer was "no". So he tried another tactic:

"What church do you go to?"

"Oh, I don't go to any church."

"Do you believe in God?"

"God? Who is He?" Father Winthrop could scarcely believe his ears, but the boy was sincere: he knew nothing about God. When the priest had explained to him, he was not a little shocked to hear the young man say: "Oh, my violin is my god."

But that night the student Mori began to receive another lesson.

#### Mori San Gives Up His Violin—

For two years the priest guided the young man through Concertos, and closer to God, but Mori San showed no sign of being interested in the religion which the missionary had come to plant. Then, suddenly, Father Winthrop was sent to another town to substitute for a sick confrère, and he had to hurry to his new post without taking leave of his violinist. A week later he received a letter, however:

Dear Teacher:

*Tonight I came to the Mission for my lesson. I practiced for a while, and then I went to your room to call you. Going to your room I had to pass the chapel, and all was darkness except the little red lamp burning there. As I looked in, something came over me and I dropped to my knees. I suppose I must have been praying, although I didn't know it then. For the first time I realized what you meant when you told me that Kami Sama (God) is truly there. Then a new Teacher came out of your room, and told me that you were changed to Tung-an, and I think your Kami Sama must have helped me to bear that. I can not play the violin now; I think I have found my true God.*

Your devoted pupil,

Mori.

Father Winthrop puzzled over that

last sentence for a long time, but later he learned that Mori San had given up his study of the violin to take up the study of Christian doctrine, and was progressing as rapidly in that as he had in the former. "I'll go back and baptize him when he's ready," thought the priest, but instead of that Mori San was to come to him.

#### A Baptism in a Hospital—

The telephone rang sharply. "Hello, is this the Catholic Mission? There is a young man here asking for a priest—

"Father, I am all ready to be baptized," he announced one day, "but I can not go to the church. Can you baptize me here?" Permission was secured, and on a warm day early in spring, with many of Mori San's young friends present, Father Winthrop washed in the saving stream of Baptism the soul of his youthful protégé. Unbidden, the young visitors all knelt about the newly-baptized, and with him prayed that the seed planted that day would ripen to rich, bountiful fruit in his soul. Then followed congratula-



FATHER MURRETT AND A MARYKNOLL SISTER STATIONED IN DAIREN, SISTER MARY PETER DUGGAN, OF BROOKLINE, MASS., GREET PARISHIONERS OF STAR OF THE SEA CHURCH AFTER SUNDAY MASS

can you come? Room 27—Dai Man Hospital."

"Mori San!" exclaimed the priest as he opened the door of Room 27, "what has brought you here?" But the missionary recognized almost immediately the first faint flush, sinister presage of the disease which attacks so many young people in the Orient.

"The doctors have taken an X-ray," announced Mori San, "and they believe they can check my sickness, but I shall have to remain here for many months."

Father Winthrop was a frequent visitor to the hospital, and was immensely pleased with the progress his protégé was making, both in health and in the Faith. Coming at irregular hours he never entered the hospital room but to find the patient reading his catechism or prayerbook.

tions, and—of course—a picture had to be taken of the neophyte in his white baptismal robe.

#### The Old Piano's Miracle—

But later, when all had returned, and the old teacher was alone with his pupil, Mori San said: "I came here just forty days ago, Father. It has been my Lent, and today is my Easter, for I have at last risen to a joy which I never knew it was possible for man to bear. It seems as though many beautiful melodies are flooding my soul."

Father Winthrop only smiled. His heart was too full for words, but as he went slowly back to his mission that night the angels could have heard him whisper: "Now, who'd ever think an old piano could perform such a miracle!"

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, IN WHOM IS OUR SALVATION.

## Maryknoll-in-Monrovia

By S. M. I.



THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS' MONROVIA SANATORIUM NESTLES AT THE BASE OF THE SUN-DRENCHED SIERRA MADRE FOOTHILLS

**S**OME years ago a Maryknoll priest threaded his way between numberless beds in the huge Los Angeles County Hospital. To each pitiful soul he gave of his sympathy, but it was in the Tuberculosis Ward, occupied by so many Japanese victims of the White Plague, that he established his headquarters, acutely aware that these patient Orientals found few friends outside of their own race.

Treasuring the hope that some day these sufferers would find shelter in a Catholic Sanatorium, Father Hugh Lavery, then in

charge of the Maryknoll Japanese Mission in Los Angeles, confided his ambition to Dr. Kuroiwa, a Japanese Catholic who had, co-incidentally, for many years desired such a project provided it could be conducted by the Maryknoll Sisters. Promising to interest other medical men of his nationality, Dr. Kuroiwa contributed a splendid initial donation toward this new work, which was inaugurated in June, 1930.

### In the Sierra Madre Foothills—

Father Lavery and the Sisters proved fortunate in securing the property and



THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE COMPOUND OF THE MONROVIA SANATORIUM THRIVE VARIOUS FLOWER FAMILIES, COAXED INTO BLOOM BY THE CLEVER HANDS OF A JAPANESE GARDENER

buildings of an established Sanatorium in Monrovia, a town famed as a health zone, some twenty miles distant from Los Angeles. Due to the extremely limited finances of the Sisters, this purchase was made possible through the generosity of Miss Decker, the former owner.

When the Maryknoll Sisters assumed responsibility of the Sanatorium they found there both Occidental and Oriental patients. This arrangement has not been altered, and it is hoped that, when finances permit, the Japanese will occupy a building devoted to their needs exclusively. Among the Occidental patients are members of religious orders who have contracted tuberculosis while laboring in California, or in distant mission fields. At present there is a Buddhist monk among the Japanese patients—a young man who, although a staunch votary of Amida Butsu, has learned to admire the work of Maryknoll in behalf of his race.

In the flower-vined cottages which comprise the Sanatorium, gloom finds no harboring, for girding this Maryknoll round about are the sun-drenched Sierra Madre foothills, whose steep and craggy paths descend to warm, brown roads that converge about a driveway bordered with white poppies swaying in the wind like delicate story-book ladies. A small orange grove divides the Sanatorium property from the highway, cloistering the patients behind a fragrant grille of green and gold, and throughout the entire compound thrive various flower families, coaxed into bloom by the clever hands of a Japanese gardener.

### The Day's Routine—

Long before the mountain crests are aflame with the glory of the rising sun, the Maryknoll Sisters are astir. Religious exercises, followed by Holy Mass, prelude the day's routine with its exacting and often wearisome labor. Soon the countryside pulsates with those indescribable sounds peculiar to the early morning. As the patients greet their Sister nurse cheery salutations ring out from the cottages, punctuated not infrequently with the dissenting voice of a grumbling male who still resembles the little boy he used to be, while having his face washed. From one section

GRANT US SO TO CELEBRATE THE MYSTERIES OF OUR LORD'S



of the compound a radio blares forth vigorous setting up exercises; from another a plaintive voice demands the whereabouts of powder and lipstick, "before the doctor comes".

In the meantime white clad Sisters hurry to and fro in attendance upon the sick, their rosaries clinking an accompaniment to the carols of birds who call to each other from the lacy shelter of pepper trees, or from the huge, wired aviary, with its multiple feathered pets. Stationed near the kitchen is Billy, the Persian cat, who refused to leave the Sanatorium with his mistress, the former owner. A tortured animal, he grimly awaits his breakfast although sorely plagued by the saucy blue jays who boldly alight on his back to seize beakfuls of his long, soft fur.

A not unpleasant cacophony of sounds heralds the arrival of breakfast, served in both Japanese and American style to patients whose questioning eyes and inquisitive noses belie their seeming disinterestedness. The first meal of the day being completed, newspapers are opened, and a brief silence ensues until the arrival of the Sanatorium Medical Director, Dr. E. W. Hayes, with his messages of encouragement or of warning.

Mornings pass rather quickly at Monrovia. Patients whose condition permits them to be up for a few hours visit their less fortunate neighbors. Often there is a birthday to be celebrated, or a friendly political discussion to attend. Those who have adopted hobbies utilize this time in training the pet canary or in tending window-box gardens.

The afternoon brings dinner, followed by a siesta, and it is an attested fact that even the birds cease their twittering during this period. At half past three, a bell rouses the patients to permissible activities which occupy them until supper and bedtime.

#### The Lord's Day—

While each day at Maryknoll-in-Monrovia is one of rest as far as the patients are concerned, Sunday affords a variation in the Sanatorium routine. In the glimmering light of early morning all are awakened by chimes played from the tower of a nearby church.

Thus far the Sisters have not been able to build a chapel, but each Sunday a Maryknoll priest offers the Holy Sacrifice for those who are well enough to attend, in a little room at the Sisters' cottage—a room so small that many are obliged to remain outside on the porch. It is not unusual to discover Catholics, Protestants, Buddhists and Shintoists participating in the Sacred Rite. After Mass, Father brings Holy Communion to the Catholic patients who are unable to leave their beds.



"WHITE CLAD SISTERS HURRY TO AND FRO IN ATTENDANCE UPON THE SICK"

*At the entrance of this vine-clad cottage is Sister Mary Ellen Duffee, of Erie, Pa.*

On Sunday the siesta is waived in favor of chance Japanese or American

visitors, who fill the compound with the voluble echoes of two languages.

With the twilight, gray and translucent as a moth's wing, comes that Service beloved of Catholics and non-Catholics alike—Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. This is celebrated in the tiny room which serves as a chapel, and the melody of the Sisters' singing, followed by the chime of the sacring bell, reaches recumbent worshippers in their cottages. Then night descends about Maryknoll-in-Monrovia, a night studded with stars, and fragrant with the scent of orange blossoms, while mocking birds trill their songs in palm trees silvered by moonlight, and hungry coyotes send their eerie wail throughout the guarding hills.

#### Monrovia's Patron—

The question may arise as to whether these patients, many of them invalided for years, are truly happy. The consensus of their opinion may be aptly summed up in the following quotation taken from the letter of a gentleman who wrote: "*The happy associations I have formed, as well as the many kindnesses I have received since being admitted as a patient to this Sanatorium, have endeared the Maryknoll Sisters to me; and the memory of all they have done more than compensates for my having been an invalid these many months.*"

However there is one as yet unmentioned who is directly responsible for the welfare of the Maryknoll Sanatorium—it is the good Saint Joseph to whom the Sisters have turned for help in all their needs since the work was established. Through his intercession many have found a safe haven in the Catholic Church, and under his patronage others have welcomed Death as sweet and acceptable. The most striking assurance of his protection lies in the fact that so many crises in the affairs of the Sanatorium, financial and otherwise, have culminated favorably on Wednesday, the day set apart by the Church for special homage to the Head of the Holy Family. May he continue to watch over the destinies of his adopted family who are striving to regain the precious gift of health beside the dusky, blue hills of Sierra Madre.

Gifts for the  
**MARYKNOLL SISTERS**  
at home or in the missions  
should be addressed to:  
**THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS**  
**MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.**

PASSION, THAT WE MAY DESERVE TO OBTAIN FORGIVENESS.

## The Sponsor Club Idea

(MARYKNOLL SPONSORS are friends who "back" or support a Maryknoll missionary at one dollar a day, for as many days each month as possible. Monthly reminders are sent, and our Sponsors are assured that whenever they cannot keep up this practical co-operation, the reminder will be discontinued. Every new missionary is a blessing, but also a new "support problem", for the Home Knoll. Our Sponsors are solving this problem for us.)

FROM time to time we have mentioned the *Maryknoll Sponsor Club Idea*. You will recall that we have said that once Maryknoll had a large number of organizations throughout the country, called Circles, which gave us much valuable assistance. We found, however, that often these organizations were a source of embarrassment to a number of our friends among the parish priests who had grave local problems in the field of money.

We decided, therefore, to discourage the development of Circles and for a number of years we have followed this policy. Today Maryknoll Circles are few and far between.

But now enters the *Maryknoll Sponsor Club*. It is different from the Circle. Besides the great aim of assisting by prayer, its single purpose is the support of our missionaries for a specified number of days each month at one dollar a day. It is required that no great public activities be undertaken, but rather that all funds be raised quietly.

We are delighted to find that many of the old groups which assisted us in years gone by as Circles have now taken up the Sponsor Idea. For instance, from Milwaukee came the news that the *Little Flower Circle* is meeting with splendid success in its new program of supporting for one month each year each of the ten Maryknollers from the city of Milwaukee.

The *Good Shepherd Circle*, of Chelsea, Mass., began the new year by pledging itself to care for a missionary for five days each month. "We shall do this", writes Mrs. Josephine Marks, the secretary, "without interfering in any way with our parish affairs".

The *Mary Immaculate Circle*, of Lowell, Mass., promises to care for a missionary for two days each month.

Other groups in various parts of the country have assured us of their help for a varying number of days monthly. A Sponsor Club in Wisconsin, made up of members of a family, cares for one of our missionaries for ten days a month. Others provide for a week a month, or for longer or shorter periods.

If you have a number of good friends whose eyes turn with kindly glimmer toward Maryknoll, why not talk over with them some day the possibility of founding a *Maryknoll Sponsor Club*?

We meet some extremely zealous apostles of the Sponsor Idea. Perhaps Miss M. of Cincinnati wins the prize, since she has succeeded to the point of enlisting as a Maryknoll Sponsor a man who is not even of the fold. She writes: "I happened to be talking about your mission work to a salesman in my office and he became quite interested. He is not a Catholic, but he told me that he would like the privilege of keeping a missionary in China for two days each month."

Instances of this sort are not, in all truth, unheard of at Maryknoll. Some of our young women enthusiasts talked Maryknoll in their New York offices recently, and the result was a gift of five dollars from their Jewish employer who happened to catch the drift of their conversation.

There is something infectious in the spirit of our Sponsors—their ranks are growing and the principal reason is their own missionary zeal, which prompts them to talk about sponsoring to others. So candle lights candle, and the Sponsor Idea grows.

### IN THANKSGIVING

FOR two years I prayed constantly that my husband might obtain a badly needed increase in salary and, through the intercession of St. Rita, the favor was granted.—Oakland, Calif.

This donation, to be used in your Leper Work, is a thank-offering to the Sacred Heart and to Saint Jude for a job I obtained.—Hartford, Conn.

This little stringless gift is a thank-offering to The Infant Jesus of Prague and to Saints Anthony, Jude, Francis Xavier and Therese for a spiritual favor granted.—St. Paul, Minn.



FOUNDLING BABIES RECEIVED AT THE LOTING ORPHANAGE IN SOUTH CHINA ARE GATHERED TOGETHER FOR BAPTISM IN THE ARMS OF THE OLDER ORPHANS. SHEPHERDING THE GROUP IS SISTER MARY RICHARD WENZEL, R. N., OF STURGIS, MICH., SUPERIOR OF THE LOTING CONVENT

MAY THE LORD ENKINDLE IN US THE FIRE OF

## O, Those Stringless Gifts!



SMILES FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

These Maryknoll smilers are: Father William Booth, of Brooklyn, N. Y. (first on left), Father Frederick Fitzgerald, of Holyoke, Mass., Father Walter Coleman, of Minneapolis, Minn., Father Arthur Allie, of Two Rivers, Wis., and Father Francis Caffrey, of Lawrence, Mass.

**WITHOUT** "Stringless Gifts" how could Maryknoll pay the butcher, the baker, or any current expenses?

Mindful of this vital query, staunch friends of our work have recently dispatched to our Sunset Hill a number of these "stringless" messengers of encouragement and good cheer. They came to us from New York City, Hawthorne, N. Y., Laconia, N. H., Philadelphia, Pa., Newton, Mass., and Forest Hills, Mass.

As we have mentioned elsewhere in this issue the response to our *Advent Appeal* last year was gratifying and generous.

Among the more sizable offerings received were gifts from benefactors in Richmond Heights, Mo., Detroit, Mich., and Brooklyn, N. Y.

Our hard pressed *Vicariate of Kongmoon* in South China re-

ceived a life-saver in the form of a notable donation from a mission-lover in Wakefield, Mass.

Another generous *Mission Gift* reached us from Springfield, Mass.

*Maryknoll Annuities* were secured by seekers after "gilt-edged" investments in Watertown.

### ABOUT WILLS

**SHOULD** you desire to benefit Maryknoll in your will, do not forget that

(a) Our legal title is—

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

(b) You should have two (in some States, three) witnesses to your signature.

Wis., Los Angeles, Calif., and Antwerp, Belgium.

We have recently been notified of a remembrance of Maryknoll in four *Wills*, and legacies have been received from five others.

### PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES

**Living:** Reverend Friends, 3; E. A. T.; D. C. K. & Relatives; T. S. & Relatives; E. R. C. & Relatives; F. G. N. & Relatives; N. T. M. & Relatives; Relatives of N. T. M.; C. J. D. & Relatives; F. S. & Relatives; R. E. C. & Relatives; F. B. & Relatives; C. C. & Relatives; Mrs. T. J. H. & Relatives; M. & J. McC.; A. L.; Mrs. A. McD.; Mr. & Mrs. C. R. J.; A. G. M. & Relatives; W. J. Q. & Relatives; M. M. M. & Relatives; M. R. McC. & Relatives; G. M. H. & Relatives; Mrs. J. G. & Relatives; J. H. C.; S. W. C.; T. O'D. & Relatives; R. O'C. & Relatives; M.D. & Relatives; J. M.

**Deceased:** Elizabeth Tobin; Elizabeth McIntyre; Francisco de Ojeda; Gabrielle de Ojeda; May E. Ennis; Katherine Ennis; Joseph Crossan; Dr. J. J. Murphy; John W. Considine; Bridget Delehanty; William J. Skelly; John & James Moran; Nellie F. Scully; John P. Scully; Kate Power; Matthew Power; George Moore; Mrs. A. H. Mainzer.

### STUDENT BURSSES

A bursse is a sum of money drawing yearly interest which is applied to the board, housing and education of a student at the Maryknoll Seminary, or at one of its Preparatory Colleges in the United States.

### FOR THE MAJOR SEMINARY

(\$5,000 each)

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL BURSE.	
NO. 2 (RESERVED) .....	4,800.00
Mahan Memorial Burse .....	4,630.85
St. Anthony Burse .....	4,470.13
Michael J. Egan Memorial Burse ..	4,200.00
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse ..	4,050.00
Dunwoody Seminary Burse .....	3,859.09
Immaculate Conception, Patron of America, Burse .....	3,153.94
St. Michael Burse, No. 1 .....	3,065.00
N. M. Burse .....	3,000.00
Marywood College Burse .....	2,882.00
Bishop Molloy Burse .....	2,851.00
Byrne Memorial Burse .....	2,800.25
Holy Child Jesus Burse .....	2,762.85
Duluth Diocese Burse .....	2,711.71
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse .....	2,284.63
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse ..	2,264.19
Archbishop Ireland Burse .....	2,101.00
St. Bernadette of Lourdes Burse ..	1,940.09
St. Dominic Burse .....	1,904.19

HIS LOVE AND THE FLAME OF EVERLASTING CHARITY.

## CONCERNING CHINESE CHRISTOPHERS



Arriving at Sancian Island

**IT** is seldom that the native catechist bears the actual bodily weight of the missionary, but, in a moral sense, he lifts the foreign priest over difficulties at every hour of the day.

There are the many pitfalls of the language; and the occasions are numerous where the catechist substitutes for the missionary, who cannot be everywhere at once.

Where there are few or no native priests, the foreign missionary can hardly dispense with the services of the catechist.

The monthly wage of a native catechist in the Maryknoll Missions of China is fifteen dollars. Can you provide for the Maryknollers another Chinese Christopher?

Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse	1,738.06
St. Agnes Burse	1,455.88
Tr. Nunney Burse of Holy Child	
Jesus Parish of Richmond Hill	1,402.55
St. Francis Xavier Burse	1,390.38
St. Francis of Assisi, No. 2 Burse	1,130.10
St. John Baptist Burse	1,121.21
Manchester Diocese Burse	1,000.00
St. Boniface Burse	1,000.00
Detroit Diocese Burse	886.00
St. Rita Burse	772.65
St. Lawrence Burse	673.25
St. Joseph Burse, No. 2	656.20
Children of Mary Burse	655.70
St. Bridget Burse	630.70
Holy Family Burse	582.25
St. Joan of Arc Burse	503.61
The Precious Blood Burse (Reserved)	500.00
The Holy Name Burse	476.65
St. Jude Burse	416.00
St. John B. de la Salle Burse	292.00
All Saints Burse	271.78
Rev. George M. Fitz-Gerald Burse	233.00
St. John Berchmans Burse	201.00
Trinity "Wehanduit" No. 2 Burse	200.00
Jesus Christ Crucified Burse	190.50
Newark Diocese Burse	157.00
SS. Peter and Paul Burse	150.00
St. Peter Burse	106.07
Queen of the Rosary Burse	105.00

## ET LUX PERPETUA LUCEAT EIS

**WE** ask prayers for the repose of the souls of the following de-

ceased friends of the mission cause:

Rev. James J. Baxter; Rev. James J. McMorrow; Rev. Hugh J. Garvey; Sister Mary of St. Raphael O'Neill; Mrs. Johanna Morris; Mrs. Mary LaCroix; Mrs. Patrick Daley; Mrs. Alice Ross; Mrs. C. B. Gilles; Mrs. Margaret Kammer; Mary Hore; Mrs. E. F. Duffy; Mrs. Mary Hoefen; Mrs. Ellen Harrigan; Miss Annie Larkin; Miss Laura Wendel; Margaret M. Burton; Mrs. L. E. Finnian; Mrs. Mary Loughery; Mr. John Brazill; Catherine A. Delaney; Mrs. Edward Janhnke; Miss A. M. Kelley; Dr. George Carroll; Mrs. H. Dean; Mrs. C. W. Nowill; Margaret Hill; Mary Gilmore; Mrs. Sylvester Shea; Mrs. R. Rodgers; Mrs. R. Wills; Mr. Lannon; Frances Murphy; Katharine O'Callaghan; Mr. F.

**I, a missionary priest or nun! Why not? Think it over.**

M. Bieker; Mrs. John J. Reilly; Mrs. K. Kenepik; Mr. Charles A. Morrison; Miss Alice Fitzgerald; Miss Frances Moss; George R. Mueller; Miss Kathryn Collins; Mr. Charles Earner; John L. Clancy; Margaret Foley; Mr. T. Hennessy; Mrs. Margaret Cotter; Mrs. Marjorie McGonagle; Mr. Bert Hall; Mr. Joseph B. Ferris; John E. Kelly; Mrs. John Duffy; Mrs. Elizabeth Renahan; Miss Ellen Kelleher; Mr. Wm. Barrett; Mr. J. A. Calkins; Mr. John J. Ryan; Mr. Frederick Drury; Mr. F. De Ojeda; Michael J. Sinnott; Edward McGovern; Mrs. Nora O'Neill; Catherine Mally; Mr. J. Kelly; Elizabeth McIntyre; Mr. John Devereaux; Lena C. Carson; Mr. J. P. Schnitzler; Mr. Peter Scholl; Mr. John M. Rickus; Mrs. A. Rickey; Mrs. C. Cash; Mr. J. R. Geoghan; Fred. Droegge; Mrs. M. Keane; Mrs. Catherine Cosgrove; Mr. John Scanlon; Mr. Thomas Scanlon; Mrs. C. Rosenbach; Mr. T. McDermott.

**FOR OUR PREPARATORY COLLEGES**  
(\$5,000 each)

IN HONOR OF THE SACRED HEARTS OF JESUS, MARY, AND JOSEPH BURSE	4,802.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Reserved)	4,500.00
"C" Burse II	1,851.60
Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse	1,727.80
Archbishop Hanna Burse (Los Altos)	1,444.95
Most Rev. Michael J. Hoban Memorial Burse	1,232.00
Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Burse	1,001.00
Our Lady's Circle Burse (Los Altos)	1,000.00
St. Michael Burse	696.32
St. Aloysius Burse	690.10
Ven. Philippine Duchesne Burse (Los Altos)	427.00
St. Philomena Burse	215.00
Holy Ghost Burse	133.00
Immaculate Conception Burse	119.00
St. Margaret Mary Burse	113.00

## NATIVE STUDENT BURSES

\$1,500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

SS. ANN AND JOHN BURSE	1,450.00
Little Flower Burse	1,397.89
Blessed Sacrament Burse	1,335.50
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse	1,218.00
Mater Admirabilis Burse	1,083.00
Mary Mother of God Burse	808.13
McQuillen-Blömer Memorial Burse	800.00
A.L. Burse (Reserved)	800.00
Christ the King Burse, No. 2	702.00
Margaret Mary Memorial Burse (Reserved)	600.00
Maryknoll Academia Burse	301.60
St. Patrick Burse	255.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus—F. W. Burse	200.00
Daly Memorial Burse (Reserved)	100.00

THE LORD HATH LAID ON HIM THE INIQUITY OF US ALL.



# MARYKNOLL JUNIORS



FOR THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER!

Lent, 1936.

*Dear Little Followers of Christ:-*

The First Missioner was sold for thirty pieces of silver, but He ransomed the world of souls with an infinite price—His Heart's Blood of love and sacrifice. He became a Captive that all people might be free citizens in His Kingdom.

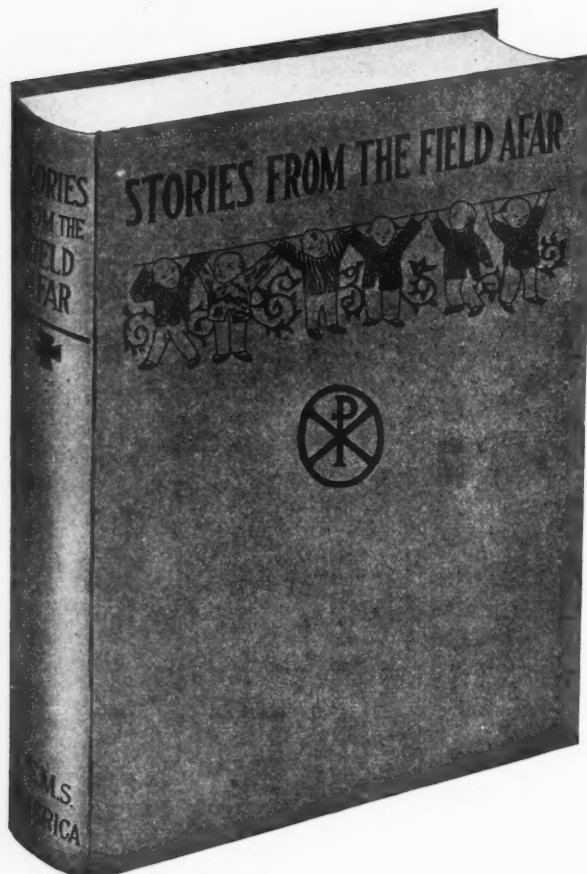
We are followers of Christ—you and I. Christ was a Missioner. Are *you*? Our Lord wants *you* also to ransom souls as He did—through love and sacrifice. He asks *you* to "Pray and work for conversions".

Yours for the ransom of the world,

*Father Chin*

P.S. There are Missioners in fields afar—but there are also little Missioners-at-Home. If you write to me, I'll tell you who and what they are.

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## SPRING AND "STRINGLESS" GIFTS

**T**HAT glorious no means always and budding poets. invade persons other- and sober. It even

The other day when ing and a whole flock ing for their Easter Reverend Treasurer dropped a number of decades from his age. "Another victim of spring fever," said we.

The happy man just looked at us and didn't let our superior smile penetrate one inch, "Man alive," he cried, "can't you see the buds on those trees and glimpse that blue sky? What's more, we've just received a whole string of 'Stringless Gifts'."

He was off again, but this time we understood. Spring and 'Stringless' Gifts! Enough to put new life in a dried-up stick, let alone a Maryknoller.



Spring feeling is by restricted to lambs. It has been known to wise entirely staid attacks missionaries.

our lawn was green- of birds were practis- concert, we saw our acting as if he had

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## A REPRESENTATIVE WILL

**I**S your will representative of your life as a Catholic? If so, it contains the name of some church activity. The present Holy Father has emphasized the fact that the most vital activity of the Church of Christ is mission work.

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CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC.

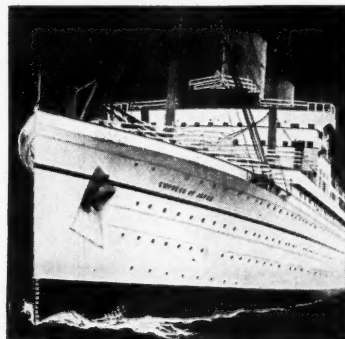
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## Maryknoll's Father Nolan Kindles A Light

FATHER Thomas Nolan, once of the Bronx, New York City, and now of Maryknoll-in-Korea, pauses to kindle a spark in Grandpa Kim's long-stemmed pipe. The old man is grateful for this kindness.

Still more grateful, though, is he to the American missionaries for another light.

Grandpa Kim always loved the bright mornings of his "Land of the Morning Splendor," and the flaming azaleas on its sun-drenched hills, but even all this light and beauty did not chase away the shadow of death in his soul. Now in his old age the Spiritual Fathers from across the waters have kindled for him an inner Light in the radiance of which all Grandpa Kim's longings are satisfied.

Would you have a share in this kindling of the Light of Faith in pagan souls? Already Maryknoll missionaries have brought this Light to more than 50,000 adult converts and are yearly adding over 5,000 to the ranks of their baptized Christians.

It costs only a dollar a day to sustain one of our overseas apostles.

### Sponsor A Maryknoller

at least for one day a month. If you share in the *sacrifice* of an apostle you will share also in his reward.

Sponsors are remembered in 204 Masses every week.





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